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A Man Worth While

Fraternally Yours

John Phillips Meakin

A Man Worth While

By

JOHN PHILLIPS MEAKIN

An Intertwining of a Series of Essays
Forming, as a Whole, an Earnest Appeal for Honest Manhood.
How to Live and Act on Earth

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IN DEDICATION

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¶ In loving and appreciative devotion I dedicate this book, which is the epitome of my life's thought and work, to my wife — my comrade, friend, and life companion. In looking back over our journey of forty years together, I ever see us, in sunshine, in rain, in joy, in sadness, hand in hand, side by side. When life has seemed to be a continuous battle and the struggle for accomplishment almost beyond my strength, she has been a pillar of fortitude and has never failed me in thought, in word, in deed. When in moments of discouragement I have said, "I cannot," she has always whispered, "You can." When at times the light of friendship and success had seemingly gone out, her sunny presence was ever with me, and has more than helped in sending forth this partial fulfillment of what I have dreamed through long and toilsome years to accomplish — namely, pointing a better way for the life and living of my brother man. When I think of my harmonious and joyous life with this splendid woman — the mother of my five good sons — I feel in my heart a modest pride of it being possible to teach men and women how to live and act on earth, — and so out of a full heart I dedicate this book to

My Wife,

SARAH FRANCES WOLCOTT MEAKIN.

A PURPOSE IN LIFE

✦

¶ Improve one's self and help one's fellowmen in unfolding the higher faculties and sensibilities which are latent in every human being, thus making them more humane, more thoughtful, more tolerant, and more kindly.
¶ To obtain a harmonious development in all phases of life, remembering always that there is no success except through the Virtues:—

Truth, Sobriety, Purity,
and Justice.

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INTRODUCTORY

LIFE AND RELIGION

Good-morning!—Let me say of myself:

I was born of Mormon parents—that is, they were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in England; for this, praise or blame counts just the same. They were sturdy and pure in their lives, and as I look back across the years I can more fully realize their ever-beautiful inspiration and spiritual unfoldment, and in delightful retrospection I find to some extent a reason for my heart yearnings to assist in building a nobler manhood and a better world. Yes, my parents were Mormons—Latter-Day Saints,—honest ones, which I am proud to state and claim—but, according to this world's calculations, it was an unfortunate condition to be born to, if what is termed success, at this stage of the world's civilization, is really a success. This fact of Mormon birth affected my whole life; it has been a continuous battle from the first commencement exercises up to the present grade. In boyhood it was the cause of insult and ostracism, even at times resulting in physical combat. I was subject to the "cold shoulder" and the "vacant stupid stare" from my playmates, because I was a "Mor-

mon boy." It affected my education in boyhood and through the same cause I was sent, at the age of eighteen, a lone youth, to this country to become a stranger in a strange land, many thousand miles from home.

In America, "the land of the free," I regret to confess I have found as much fanaticism and lack of toleration religiously as in England, the home of my boyhood. While at the knee of my mother—my priestess—we talked these conditions over. We got the idea that man's destiny was not necessarily stationary on the plane of so-called humane and religious life, but that he could grow into the light of a better and clearer understanding of life and its beauteous gifts, and by her I was ordained a teacher; the world was to be my church, the blue sky its dome. My creed was to be love and purity. I was to worship God by helping man to help himself, through cultivation of the true manhood within the man, that he might reach into higher, nobler, and happier realms of life and living. I was admonished that to be a teacher, my everyday life must be crowned by a clean, honest, reasoning manhood. This Mother-priestess was the greatest soul I have ever known in life, and I have been true to the vows given at the altar of home. I grew into manhood and found the people running in sects and tribes, each abusing the other, every one claiming the other was wrong. Family against family, church

against church, everybody at outs with everybody. They turned their backs on the needs of poor, suffering, starving, struggling humanity, in this world; their hands, their eyes, and their heels were up in the clouds. They repeated prayers and chanted songs, each claiming a copyright on various plans and schemes for salvation,—not salvation for here and now in this world, but in some far-away time and place after death. The people seldom expressed a kindly word to their family or neighbors while their ears were tuned in life, but after death the music, the flowers, the fuss and feathers were surely enough, if the dead could see, to make them laugh. The rule was,—and still is, to a very great extent, —thistles and nettles in life, roses and forget-me-nots when dead.—I saw all of this and realized it. My heart yearned for a little consistency, a thinking happier world. I determined to devote my life, as an individual, to change conditions, if only amongst a few. I haven't accomplished much, but I have made some little progress. I am sure you will agree with me that there is plenty of work in this line yet to do, and no one has ever accused me of being lazy. My first object is not to save my soul by shouting "I believe," but to make it worth saving by doing,—so here I am, singing my songs of love. The people of all creeds and of all nationalities are my brothers and sisters, and if I am not going to "your" heaven after death, don't worry. We all have our different ideas and

conceptions, do we not? What is Heaven to you might be the reverse to me. What is one man's relish may be another man's finish.

In early manhood I drifted out into the open sea of life away from organized religion; I heard nothing but quarrels amongst the people, in the churches and out of them. So, when I got my "bearings," I looked about me for avenues in which I might labor in the cause of humanity,—in institutions which would not destroy my individuality nor rob me of my personal thoughts and aspirations by rule or catechism. The Order of the Knights of Pythias, a fraternal society, was my first craft or school of brotherly love. The lessons the boys read to me from the ritual were as pleasing as an oasis and as refreshing as a rippling stream found in a desert by a weary traveler. From this I went to similar organizations—the Elks, the Odd Fellows, the Eagles, Woodmen of the World, and others. They each of them told me their objects and purposes, which blended with mine in heart and mind. I was very happy in my findings, and while I have experienced many disappointments in men, the star of Fraternal love never was shining brighter than now. It is lighting my pathway on and on. I am a fraternalist. I believe in the Fatherhood and am personally acquainted with the undeveloped brotherhood. My earnest prayer, in words and work, has ever been that I might be of some service to

humanity, in its climbing slowly and painfully the long stairway of progress.

The question has been asked many times as to my religion or my creed. I have been censured by some and complimented by many who were sure that I belonged to their individual party, because truth is truth, and wherever it is heard or spoken, it is in perfect tune, harmonizing in rhythm and in form like the chords of a gigantic orchestra. I love the truth wherever it is found, and its source is boundless. I was taught on my journey from boy to man, by my parents, to be kind, to be honest. They told me to live, —to love and to enjoy, and to labor for the betterment and intellectual happiness of human-kind. This has been my life's aim. I have done my best for all I have met on life's rough and uneven highway.

"Not more of light I ask, oh God,
But eyes to see what is;
Not sweeter songs, but power to hear
The present melodies."

I saw a beautiful play some time ago entitled, "The Servant in the House." One of the characters was named Manson; reverse the syllables and it reads "Son-man,"—Son of Man. Manson was the leading character and he beautifully illustrated the Christ, going about in his simplicity, doing kindly deeds, cheering the outcast, lifting up the fallen and harmonizing the various ele-

ments in and about the home, bringing order out of chaos, love out of hate; developing the higher traits in man and carrying aloft the torch of kindly love and reason, thus giving light to the feet of poor stumbling humanity. During the play, an under-servant,—being unable to comprehend the actions of the "Master-servant,"—in sharp, unkindly tones, demanded to know Manson's religious belief. Said he, "What's your creed? What do you believe? Tell me, I want to know." The Son of Man answered, in gentle tones, "I hardly know how to answer you, but, Sir, I love God and my brothers!" The undeveloped man in amazement exclaimed, "All of them?" And again the Master answered, "Yes, all of them!" To-day I am proud to say, I love God and my brothers,—all of them.

Thus far in the path of life, in spirit and in action, I have aimed to follow in His footsteps. Through this love of my brothers—all of them—I have, at times, been misunderstood, while defending one sect or party against another, some members of the various sects, parties, or tribes have spoken harshly and have given me, as it were, the "marble heart," the vacant stare, but erelong the tribe that had given me the cold and clammy hand found me in the front ranks defending and protecting their tribe or sect, for I am always with the accused or the abused. Thus many are confused as to my belief and my creed. Many have asked,

in no uncertain tones, "What's your creed? What do you believe?"

HERE IS MY DECLARATION

I love God! I am in love with Life, I am ambitious, first—to be a man; then to be a minister of cheery sunshine, of love; to be a teacher of the Gospel of intellectual, humane, and moral development. During the remaining years of my life, my talents and energies will be put forth to augment the sum of human happiness, that I may leave the world a little better and brighter for having lived in it. My work will be done according to the light and the strength I have to pursue it, with an earnest desire to accomplish some little of that to which my life is dedicated. Intertwined with my earnest thought and hope for public good, in sending forth this little book, I must say, to be sincere, that I have a personal interest which embraces a natural necessity,—namely, I hope to dispose of many of these books so that my wife and myself may have a comfortable living while we are here on earth. Our five boys are old enough to care for themselves. I shall endeavor always to be a worthy example, by my life and by my works, of "How to Live and Act on Earth."

These are the reasons for publishing this book, "A Man Worth While."

—JOHN PHILLIPS MEAKIN.

PREFACE

A MAN WORTH WHILE

"What hidden music dwells within our souls,
Whose wondrous sweetness never outward rolls,
But sings within our nature's inmost shrine,
Producing gladness like a joy divine.
Yet how much better if each nature knew
Just how to give expression grand and true
To that which struggles for its life within;
'Twould sweeten life in this world's weary din."

I believe that every man is of divine origin, and am fully cognizant of an invisible reasoning spirit-conscience—a higher and better self,—a voice in the silence, of which the human brain is the instrument of power, which, if cultivated and the voices harkened unto, will endow man with courage and guide his footsteps while bravely climbing to higher levels of life, into the sunlight of knowledge, to a clearer and more perfect understanding of life and its purposes, onward and upward forever.

The wrongs and sufferings of the world are simply mistakes and errors existing

through human weakness and vile primitive ignorance, which, when the higher and better self of man assumes control, will have been corrected, and peace and harmony will then prevail.

This hoped-for condition cannot be achieved by wealth, by conquest, by armies or navies. It can only be brought about by developing the higher nature in man—the humane, the intellectual, the spiritual, in other words, by civilizing man, in the highest sense.

There is a higher and deeper law than those made by ordinary man and framed in statutes and constitution law books. We may designate it as the law of the soul, of honor, love, affection, sustained by an invisible monitor which was born in man and is a part of man and a part of the unfathomable Divinity. This law of love, of justice, and of truth has been growing toward the light in and through man since he first turned his eyes from the sod to the stars. When this law of the soul holds sway, when knowledge of the real and the true philosophy of life is brought forward, rightly understood and adhered to; man will then cast off fooling and silly outward trappings, the display of egotism and feathered vanity. Moral worth will then be held higher and of more value than robes of royal purple.

The God-Man will be then revealed in splendor, and man shall be—man! standing erect in the light of reason, a character with spotless honor and strict integrity, knowing for himself right from wrong,—Master-King and

Priest of himself. From the radiant center of God-life shall the human face be illumined, telling the inner story, the secret of the soul, the actual development of the mind.

As the light of the morning scatters the darkness of the night, awakens the slumbering millions, starts the husbandman on his way of toil and sets the wheels of industry in motion, so will the unfolding of the better part of human life arouse man to action and to duty, inspiring him to climb the heights to higher glories, a broader destiny. Thus will the night shades of selfishness, injustice, fear, envy, hate, and jealousy be dispelled, fading away in the light of the new day.

Intellectual reasoning and spiritual life are a matter of awakening in man all the highest qualities we can conceive, unfolding all that is sublime. Educational institutions, churches, and fraternal societies are, or should be, factors or rungs in the ladder leading men toward a brighter light, to the higher forms of living.

Each individual must aim and decide for himself the plan of his life, his place, his power of climbing the ladder, out of the darkness into the light.

The soul of every human being must have an awakening of desire in mind and spirit if that individual is to be of any worth, or if that soul is to expand into a righteous, blossoming thought-life. If there is not an awakening, the inner latent beauties and qualities of the individual will never be known.

Millions of lives have been wasted for want of an awakening to realize the possibilities and the beauties in and of their higher and better selves.

If I can arouse only a few of my "brothers and sisters" to action, with a brief word of mine, which makes for their betterment, I shall be satisfied; though I be nameless or live without recognition of men, I shall die content.

Our brothers who "fall by the wayside in life," or those less fortunate, if we may use the term, must be made to feel that they are not alone, and that society is not their enemy. By society I do not mean the set of silly idlers who fancy living in an exclusive circle and occupying themselves, as gracefully as may be, who strut and seem to think they are the cream of the cream, the very essence of humanity; these are only the butterflies of the warmer air; their spots are curious, they are beautiful to look at, but they are only a small part of society.

By society, I mean the great world built up by religion, politics, art, literature, science, commerce, and their votaries.

Punishment and ostracism can never make a bad man good. To curse a weakling will never make him strong. We know it would be a very childish thing on our part to scold or to punish a baby for the simple reason of its being a baby. We must educate and develop, and erelong the real man in the man will awaken and long for better things. He

will climb the heights, turn his back on low life and nastiness; work out his own salvation, or, in other words, crown his life with a noble manhood.

There isn't a human being living but that, deep down in his or her heart, would prefer to live an honest life rather than a dishonest one, a straight one rather than a crooked one, a pure one in preference to an impure one. The majority of men do not sin from choice but through ignorance, and again, many are driven to it by care, want, heartlessness, meanness, and selfishness. The rest of them, we may say, "they know not what they do." It is for the workers to rectify the wrongs of the world by wise humane laws, and especially by the proper training of the mind by humane philosophic teachers, and thus arouse the slumbering, latent qualities in man to action,—into life. In other words, opening the avenues of the minds of men and women to the glories of a thriving expanding intellectuality.

OPTIMISM

To be optimistic does not mean that we shall close our eyes to the wrongs about us.

The fool is he who dances on the upper deck of a ship regardless of smoldering fires in the hold, and boasts of being an optimist.

To correct errors and right wrongs, we must first be alert and see them and then understand them, and then think about them,

and then quickly get down to work at the pumps.

There is no time to idle away. To-day man, in general, is but an educated machine, without a humane heart or a soul-guiding conscience. In proof of this, look about you and think of conditions. See the cruelty continually practiced by man on man, master and slave. Listen to the cries of white-faced, half-starved children in hovel, street, and factory. See the depravity and dishonesty everywhere, money-mad. Confidence in man, by man, is dying, and men's promises are like broken reeds. Men are scarce whose word "is their bond." The trend of life seems to be to make men honest by machinery, registers, and force.

HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

The horrors and the sorrows of the present age can only be even partially comprehended by people who think and have eyes to see and ears to hear.

I have seen from the windows of my house, by the side of the road, the sorrows of the world. I have felt the anguish in my heart. I have seen the oppression and shame. I have heard the lamentations of remorse of young and old men with ruined lives brought about by their own undoing, by recklessness and sin. I have seen the results of low life—

mothers and children neglected, gaunt-eyed, abused by wretched men—called husbands.

I see the youth of our country a vile seducer, I see young women, thoughtless and careless of life and its consequences. I see jealousy, quarreling, and murders. I see chaos and hell all about me. I see divorce courts separating husbands and wives, orphaning innocent children, and thus casting them out into a cold and selfish world, the home destroyed. I see starving thousands in a land of plenty. I realize the depraved selfishness and awful stupidity at the bottom of these unhappy conditions—the awful truth. The man of heart and with a thoughtful brain, in operation, cannot be satisfied nor contented with this world as it is now. He cannot be happy and enjoy even that which he honestly earns and calls his own, knowing that the greater number of his brothers and sisters are in the throes of misery, of hunger and despair. I know of one heart that yearns with a longing that knows no bounds to contribute his mite toward the alleviation and elevation and the bettering of conditions among the children of men.

The cry continually goes up that "God is love," by "the people on the upper deck," but man has to prove this by his course of living. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" No practical demonstration of the idea that God is love can be found in a band of savages, unless, perhaps, some of us behold the beauty and love in

nature, outside of man; and exclaim, with Dr. Watts: "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Everywhere the lamp of reason seems to be flickering, and in many instances extinguished.

Men and ministers in the various societies and churches quarrel on silly and unimportant questions, such as "Who shall be the chairman?" seeking empty honors; "Jonah and the whale!" "Who shall have the best position?" etc., and while these great men (?) are busy arguing these trifling foolish things, the flocks, the people, are going astray through the leaders' lack of adherence to principle, and through the lack of proper teaching, of a higher education, of how to live and act on earth as humans should.

The people need to be taught calm courage and thus allay our childish fears. Societies and institutions with high-sounding names and with members bedecked in fine feathers meet in form and display, the main purpose seemingly to be president, or to get a medal, or to be called an outlandish name, the written objects and higher purposes are overlooked, and, in the main, ceremonies are the only remaining features.

If, under the present status of the human mind, some frenzied fellow shouts "Fire," or if the slightest rumble is heard; men and women are panic-stricken, stampede like cattle, and trample each other down to death.

Railroads are killing thousands of people

every year through lack of thought-power,—"I didn't think."

In our large cities, in an instant, with the slightest rumble of excitement, mobs are formed, and hell at once prevails. Prejudice and public clamor are the weapons used for the righting of a wrong, whether that wrong be imaginary or real.

DIDN'T THINK

"This most unpleasant imp of strife,
Pursues us everywhere.
There's scarcely one whole day in life
He does not cause us care:
Small woes and great he brings the world,
Strong ships are forced to sink:
And trains from iron tracks are hurled
By stupid Didn't Think."

Our penitentiaries, jails, insane asylums, reform schools are all crowded and we have originated judicial fathers, known as juvenile courts, to care and act for the young, instead of their parents, who, it is claimed, have lost the parental control. Yet a premium is placed upon the largest number of children—the kind cuts no figure or the question is given very scant consideration.

During the past few years the keepers of many of our public places have been proved to be as wicked and as foolish as those in-

carcerated. It is a pity the investigators can't be investigated, then some good might be the result, for in most cases they work for the same low selfish end.—"The devil quotes Scripture for his own purposes," and when two people are calling each other liars they are probably both telling the truth.

Our big libraries, our office shelves, are filled with books of law, our country is swarming with lawyers. At the slightest suggestion we run to the Capitol and frame a new law. The idea of making thinkers by combining the development of brain and heart has been almost unthought of, and is left unexpressed, there is but little effort put forth in this direction.

To stop whisky drinking and gambling we aim to kill, or at least throw bricks at, the saloon-keeper, and club the man at the wheel.

Foolishness will cease, saloons will close when the people think and know better than to guzzle, to gamble, to steal, and not until then. Men will be men when they know how to be men. Snakes cannot be killed by trampling on their tails. We operate continually at the wrong end of the business.

In the mental world thought power is failing. We see on all sides of us a tumbling down of the higher traits in man. Surely now is the time to work. Our souls need to be stirred to the very depths that we may realize to some extent the world's mad condition, then to pause and think of the possibilities of the human mind if under proper control;

to realize that each of us are potent factors in development, of ourselves, and in the elevation of the race.

The status of the mind of humanity at the present time is in a great measure due to the present system of education, namely teaching, rather than developing, pouring in instead of bringing out or awakening the latent possibilities, the divinity which is within.

A thinker with barely any effort may see and learn of the awful state of ignorance existing among high school and college graduates throughout the United States. They have some book learning, but there has never been any attempt made to impart education in its relation to life.

These young people have to obtain their first real knowledge of life after they leave school.

Education should begin at the bottom, not at the top of the tree.

This must be an age of new ideas and of advancement; the work is ours to do and the time to do it is now.

These present systems and conditions must be changed, these wrongs must be righted before we may truthfully boast of our achievements, or of what we term civilization. If these wrongs and conditions cannot be righted or improved, then human life is a horrible farce and one continuous tragedy.

It may take millions of years to bring it about or to make a very perceptible headway for thinking men with brains and clear think-

ing minds are of slow growth, but surely civilization is on its way.

History's pages tell us of the awful struggle it has been all across the ages,—this journeying toward the light. It has taken years upon years, multiplied by millions, to bring man to his present stage. Yet, amid all the horrors of the present and beyond all doubts and fears, let us cling to the hope and to the thought that the advancement made and the victories achieved show to us that there is no need of discouragement, but to the contrary, may we not see through the light of our own individual lives the unfolding possibilities and thus retain in our souls the defined hope, inspiring others with the same thought and feeling that know no waning, by teaching that man's destiny is far beyond this hurrying, chattering, drinking, sensational plane we now are living on.

In the main it is ignorance that makes men sin, wisdom does not allow it. I am fully convinced that a nobler human life is simply a matter of arousing the slumbering millions into action that they may catch glimpses of the wonders and the beauties awaiting unfoldment in the vast ocean of the intellectual, the moral, and spiritual realms. Every human is better than he seems.

Let us touch upon another destructive phase of life. Simple ordinary observation, with Governmental official figures giving facts, will tell to any thoughtful person the sad story of so many of our young men and

women who are undermining the very foundation of their manhood and womanhood, making of themselves weaklings and incompetents, bringing sorrow to their homes, destruction to their prospects, and, in general, retarding human progress, by indulging in various and vicious forms of dissipation, of stupid, selfish, sinful living.

The knowledge of all these facts of conditions in life, gained from many sources, prompted me to address my brothers and sisters, especially the younger ones.

In my aiming to do "this work" as an individual among individuals, without financial aid of men, societies, or organizations, I therefore have no public hall in which to speak, from the rostrum, my prayer having been and will always be "God bless us everyone," and not—

> "Oh Lord, bless me and my wife,
> My son John and his wife;
> Us four and no more.
> Even so. Amen."

This fact leaves me practically to work alone in the field and I take this book form of putting into circulation my thoughts and feelings, hoping, thereby, to reach many men and many women.

My temple is the world, its dome is the sky, its pews are the streets, the factory, the home, the mountain-side, or the banks of the River Jordan,—anywhere and everywhere

young men, old men, old women, and young women are to be found.

The message I would give by word, by precept, and example is not to obtain, but to attain.

"My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast."

My only desire is to assist in building an earnest, thinking manhood. God's monitor—conscience—called me to the work, conscience has been my guide. I have not been ordained by an organized church or a society of men, and never have sold my talents for a mess of pottage. Furthermore, I have no report to make, except to the one and only Master —Almighty God.

In the words of George Eliot:

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

Having passed the threescore milestone on life's highway without failure or regret, thankful for having been blessed with just about all, or at least a full share, of nature's choicest gifts—namely, an open mind, talents embracing music and song, ideality and memory, with eyesight to see the beauties of the world, and with ears to hear the music;

a harmonious family relationship, several real friends, and many cheerful acquaintances; and without a turned down page in my life's record in or of the past; without the slightest tinge of superstition or of fear for the future; having had a joyous, successful, happy trip all along the way, I submit this, my message, how to be a man worth while.

SUCCESS; OR, "TRUE MANHOOD"

"Build it well what'er ye do,
Build it straight and strong and true,
Build it high and clean and broad,
Build it for the eye of God."

Men, my Brothers—

Many of you are just starting in the race of life, the future rises before you, green with garlands, bright with flowers, golden with promise. You may make or mar your destiny.

We must examine ourselves to learn whether it is the perfect radiant life we are striving for, or is it a tinseled prize which only distorted manhood brings!

I am going to write on the subject of success or true manhood, but first let us understand each other. My idea of success may not be yours. I do not mean success or manhood in the narrow sense of gaining some petty victory, the success of wealth, of power or glory. I do not mean to tell you how to become a great captain of industry, a financial giant like Morgan, Carnegie, Vanderbilt, or Rockefeller, nor a general like Moltke, Grant, or Napoleon; neither would I instruct you in the art of diplomacy or statesmanship; the mysteries of religion nor the intricacies of

politics. A man may be great in all these, and yet be a very unsuccessful man, when considered from a universal standpoint; when measured by the growth of his soul, the development of his character, his body and his mind, or the accomplishment of the great purpose of life—of an ever-unfolding, pure, earnest, honest manhood, untrammeled by the fetters of caste, conceit, ignorance, and bigotry.

CIVILIZATION

True or pure civilization is not in foundation of granite or marble, not in skyscrapers, not in pomp or show, not in making money, not in medals on the breast, not in fuss and feathers; but in foundations of character and reasoning power, with absolute integrity supporting the structure—man. We continually read and hear about our cities' growth, our big buildings, our large population, our gilded halls, our flying machines, our automobiles,—we forever boast of our physical and material achievements. But the pages of history teach us that the material achievements and architectural adornments often outlive our mental, or that which has been, and which is now, termed civilization.

The great need in the world to-day is men; not a herd of unthinking humans born to become slaves to petty tyrants whose only idea is a golden god combined with sensual pleas-

ures. No, no,—far from it! It is not a big population we need, it is a better one, a race of men stronger and more perfectly balanced. Men of character are the need of the day. Men whose minds are developed in strict integrity and in manly honor; men who own themselves; men who won't lie, men who believe in truth. Men who are broad-minded, men who are deep-hearted, full of love and wisdom, their hearts continually beating in true affection for humankind; just plain, true, honest, thinking men and women, imparting their influence of joy and sunshine not only in their immediate circle, but wherever they may go and to all they may meet on life's rough highway.

Our country needs men who are fraternal at heart, men who believe in the Fatherhood of God, men who know and love the brotherhood, who stand ready at all times to augment the sum of human happiness. Men who do not criticise Almighty God for having created a black-skinned man, a red-skinned man, or a white-skinned man.

Schools and colleges must be established in every town and city, teaching the principles of and developing real men. These schools shall be conducted with absolute mental liberty. Race or geographical location, with belief or no belief, faith or no faith, creed or no creed, these trimmings shall not cut any figure. Men—all men—shall be welcome within the portals. Real civilization—scholarship—manhood alone, shall count. The ob-

ject to be attained is—heart, mind, and soul men. Over the archway shall be inscribed:

The College of Manhood—
How to Live and Act on Earth.

Here shall be welcome old and young, rich or poor, strong or weak, brave or discouraged, all may come and learn the lessons of true living; receive encouragement and loving, honest advice; not from a lawyer or a business man, nor from a dollar man, but from a brother man, one who loves his fellowman, who sees his God in men's eyes, in clouds, in sunshine, in rain, in bud, in vine and flower, in life itself. In this school, people will be mentally, if not physically, healed.

Money spent in raising such real men, and women will give better and more lasting results than millions put into skyscrapers, commerce, and trade.

There is nothing of importance anywhere, only service to man, the building of the race.

The world should not be a windowless, sunless workshop where slaves wear away their lives in tribulation and toil. It should be a home, a field where Nature gives forth her many gifts and blessings to all of God's children, where the husbandman sings his songs of love, labors in joy, and at night rests in peace. The sweat-of-the-brow business has been overdone; the majority of the world today are worked to death, underpaid, and underfed.

The various vexing problems will have been solved when the intelligence and humane qualities of man have been developed to a plane high enough to stop selfish accumulation and think of intelligent distribution. The world and its beauties are not yours or mine,—they are "ours."

When the rich have been saved from their riches, and the poor have been saved from their poverty, we shall then have a normal and happy civilization.

The world is big enough for all men to live comfortably, and man's capacity for producing is great enough; it is his system of distribution that is at fault. Extirpate low selfishness from the hearts of men, and we will not then live in a semi-hell, but in a happy realization of a heaven on earth.

If you believe in perfection as a worth, in human endeavor, then no service is possible which harms your body, that occupies your mind with petty ignoble matters, which makes your heart less genuine and sympathetic. A perversion or stunting of any side of your nature is an inroad upon the whole. Only that service is good for you and good for the community which leaves you a truer, sounder, more wholesome man.

Life is filled with glittering illusions. We spend our youthful energies, our manhood, and above all the precious hours of exultant life in chasing the phantoms of happiness, in fun and frolic, only to find in the end, after it is all over and old age creeps upon us, that

the things we sought are not the things we wanted, and that the things we really wanted and needed we left far behind in the valley of youth, or, in other words, we killed the coming man, while in boyhood. Therefore, to the end that life may not close with regrets and recollections of a misspent life, but rather with a serene consciousness of an honorable maturity, we must look to ourselves and our conduct in the present—the here and the now.

To love, to comfort, and to aid therein is life divine.

MORNING OF CREATION

In the dawning of the morning of creation, God sent forth a predestined law—a punishment for errors made;—namely, a step once taken is followed by its consequential steps, and no amount of prayer, worship, or flattery can set aside this law—an act must be followed by its consequence. This law carries a punishment to fit the crime in every phase of life.

Whatever you may have of that which is called religion, if you are not true in the wear and tear of everyday life, though you may imagine it to be united with the angels, it it not worth while for you, and will not enable you to win life's race.

Perhaps you have heard the story of the old man who had a long journey to take. The road was strange, rugged, and uncertain,

so he prudently provided himself with a lantern. He was overtaken by a young man who ridiculed him, likewise his lantern, and passed on, brave, self-confident, priding himself on his superior wisdom. He soon outstripped the old man. The day wore away and the night came on. The old man by the light of his lantern traveled safely, but out of the darkness he heard a cry of distress. It came from the young man, who had lost his way and had fallen into a morass, which was rapidly drawing him under. The more he struggled the deeper he sank into the mire. "Ah," said the old man, "if you had provided yourself with a lantern you would have seen that the path lay along the side and not through the middle of the bog." See, here, a picture of those who start in life without fixed principles of right to guide them.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Those things which will hang on to you like dead weights are bad habits, and they are legion.

Do you ask what is habit? It is the repetition of an act. You repeat it until it becomes second nature.

What is success? An illustration may be of service at this point. There is a vast difference in that which is called success and a truly successful life. That people or nation which has for its chief comedy the juggling

and debauching of the wording of the Golden Rule, to make it read "Do to others what they would do to you, but do them first," and where dishonesty is looked upon as a joke and an honest man as a failure, to be laughed at,—is not a very propitious environment for character-building.

In America "success" means—Gold—accumulation of wealth, pomp, show, fun, and follies. By the prevailing idea or basis of success, the majority of men are, and of necessity must be, failures. We must change our ideas and teachings from the worship of "success" to the admiration and teaching of efficiency in all phases of life—a connected system, as it were, of the different sciences and arts—and thus produce a well-balanced race of reasoning men. Efficiency shall mean not to conquer man but to help man. In America we must cultivate a new standard—a national spirit—higher ideals; and thus through the individual only can we build a national honor and an integrity worthy of our fathers and of the glorious spirit and sentiment the flag of our country represents.

EMERSON

Let us look for a moment at Emerson,—Ralph Waldo Emerson,—that great-souled sage of Concord.

Emerson was a successful man because he derived more out of life than the great ma-

jority of men. He went deep and wide into life. His nature was attuned to all the vibrations of the universe. His soul was so sensitized as to receive all the impressions that life could give. Never a flower bloomed but he breathed its fragrance; never a bird sang but he listened and heard its melody.

From celestial fields in the quiet hours of the night he heard the music of the spheres, and as he passed amidst the busy throngs of noonday, he saw and heard and felt all the heart-throbs of humanity. The clear vision of his soul was not obscured by the sordid things which attract the great mass of men.

He was independent and free; bound to no creed or faction, he searched untrammeled for the truths of life, and found them. His ambition was to enrich himself, not by another's loss, but by enriching others, and he succeeded admirably. He was rich in wisdom, love, and happiness, and he made others rich with the same kind of wealth. He lived to a ripe old age and passed peacefully into the shadow. The world is better, happier, wiser, and richer for his having lived. He was a successful man. He sought not for glory; it came to him unsought, and his name grows greater and brighter with the passing years. Emerson had the earnest desire to be an absolutely perfect man.

Success in life does not only mean the winning of some great prize: it ought to mean the attainment of that physical and intellec-

tual condition in the individual where all the various strings which make up the harp of life respond in fullest measure to the infinite vibrations of a throbbing, pulsing world.

BARS TO PROGRESS

Nature's forces are never bribed. They are inexorable and eternal, and as certain as is the mystery called death. Every low thought, every bad habit, however insignificant, is just as much of a mighty force turned against your progress to a successful perfect life. To reach the shining heights of manhood, the higher faculties must be developed and brought into use. A man's head must be right before he is right, and before he can travel right. Men cannot be men until they have been taught how.

The capability of the human mind for advancement cannot be estimated nor measured in words. Every day we may increase the possibility of that extraordinary thinking machine—the human brain, the human mind.

Emerson said: "What the world needs is men who will make us do the best we can." To be an intelligent, helpful, kindly man should be the constant aim of every one of us. To accomplish this, one must have faith in God, faith in one's self, and faith in humanity, ever keeping in mind:

"'Tis not so much what we are now
As what we may become.
God reckons on the growth of man,
Eternity gives room."

PERTINENT QUERIES

The all-important question for everyone to ask of himself if he has the slightest spark of intellectual ambition in him is, How may I become a man? Then another question will well up from the soul, namely: What can I do to make life worth the living? The answer will be: Look to the light, be true to your inner self, and have the faith of the poet who said:—

"Better to strive and climb
And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time
An aimless, worthless soul.
Aye, better to climb and fall,
Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away, day after day,
And never strive at all."

If we cannot make life worth the living, beyond simply a material existence, it seems to me that there is but little purpose in all of life's worry and strife. Or, in other words, if there is nothing to do or hope for but business, to eat, to drink, and to quarrel with our fellows (as seemingly the majority of

people do now), to sleep a little and then die; in my estimation to rest at once in death's embrace, a sleep from which never to awaken, would be preferred, for surely under such conditions, with no progress to be made, the whole of human life would be but a monstrous blunder; every man and every woman, living or dead, would be playing or have played the part of a serious fool. Hope is the pillar of the world, and this hope must be in the heart of every individual well defined and with a worthy object in view every day of our lives. These aims must be strengthened and encouraged continually by our highest ideals, for without ideals we surely drift like helmless vessels, without a beacon light either to warn or to cheer us, on life's storm-tossed ocean.

Quoting from Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes as to ideals, he says: "They furnish us our perspectives and open glimpses of the Infinite. It is often a merit in an ideal to be unattainable; its being so keeps forever before us something more to be done and saves us from the tedium of a monotonous life."

Let us then be careful in life as to how we act, as to where we go, and as to what we do, for when the bells of memory are sounded in after years, the melody will either be a cheerful blessing or a tolling curse. Therefore it is well that we should school ourselves in the problem of how to be men worth while, that we may conduct ourselves in honor and for good through all the dangers and difficulties

seen and unseen, if we would reach in old age the sun-kissed hills of peace, happiness, and content.

LIVING A FINE ART

Living is a fine art, and if life is worth anything at all it is worth getting out of it all there is in it, from the basis of the noblest and highest aspirations.

Man should know something about everything and everything about something. As the earth drinks the rain of heaven so must man forever drink at the fountain of knowledge.

It is better to be called a jack-of-all-trades and master of none, than to be a ninety-nine per cent. idiot and only a one per cent. man. Concentrate on one great idea or purpose, but understand and enjoy all of God's blessings, and thus have through life all sources contributing to the whole of a well-rounded manhood.

The prevailing idea, at this the present stage of civilization, of being practical is to know just one thing, or one note in the scale, and the whole of this one thing, or one note, is enveloped in conquering man by the rule of from one to one hundred per cent., and if this fails, then the sword. In my estimation these practical people, so called, miss the real things, the real pleasures of life, because

of their impracticability. The practical man, it seems to me, is the man who gets the most out of life, who sees a divine purpose in living, in loving, in helping, in hoping, and in contributing his part toward the redemption of mankind, or in other words, in lifting them from under the curse of ignorance and caste, in broadening their vision, in tuning their ears to the one great melody—the harmonies of life.

MIND MAKES THE MAN

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch* or happy, rich or poor.
—Spenser.

The great Charles Darwin in his youth was very fond of music, poetry, and painting, but he gave himself up entirely to science, the investigation of the species, and he lost his taste for music, poetry, and art. He wrote very pathetically in his declining years, "If I had my life to live over again I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week, for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would have thus been kept active through use."

If we do not use our best gifts and faculties they will be lost by disuse, and we become simply a part of our original self.

* Wretched.

By cultivation of the latent humane qualities, one often becomes really another being while remaining the same man.

The athlete dies young if in his life the physical is not blended or kept in harmony by the pursuit of some intellectual and higher study than how to box, hunt, or shoot. The body physical may, in a sense, live or exist, but mind makes the man, and when this fades away or is not under control of a well-balanced temperament, 'twere better the body were dead also. This life is meant for the living, and the living will aim for perfection in mind and body.

Many a young man gives promise of a bright future and rare development. He seems to emerge from the mirage period of youth into the realities of maturity, but suddenly he seems to drop back into the ranks of the incompetents and discontented. His mind becomes stagnant, it fails to grow beyond the boyish stage, and he remains a boy. He takes no interest in the problems of life, he hears nothing, sees nothing beyond something to eat and a game of ball. By custom he pays the preacher to save his soul. He eats and sleeps, and life to him is complete. These are the unbalanced creatures, the half-living and half made-ups who are inmates of the asylums, ninety-nine per cent. of which might have been averted if common sense had ruled their earlier years.

This life of ours is useless if in old age or in any age the brain becomes defunct.

"Life is a mystery,
Death is a doubt;
For men may be dead,
Though walking about."

We hear on all sides of us such exclamations as these: "Oh, I never go to church nor to a theater, lectures are of no interest to me, and the plays of the present day are horrid. I don't like poetry, I don't like grand opera, and comic opera is trash, and vaudeville,—oh well, that is on the same plane." It is the same cry over again in the common things of everyday life, in the home, at the table, on the street, in the office,—we don't like this and we don't like that, and by our silliness we rob ourselves of the richest blessings at life's banquet. We grumble, grumble, grumble, until we don't like anything or anybody, and nobody likes us.

To be a success, to be men and women worth while, we must be in love with life and everything that's in it.

Let it be said when the curtain falls:

"Calmly he looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret or there to fear;
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thanked Heaven that he had lived and that
he died."

AIM FOR PERFECTION

The germ of perfection is in every human being as the perfect or symmetrical oak tree is in the acorn. Could we but fully realize the evil effects of wrongdoing we could never be tempted to do wrong any more than we could be persuaded to thrust our hands into the fire, or cast ourselves into the sea.

We are forced to the conclusion that only the development of the higher faculties and sensibilities will annihilate evil, and place man's feet upon the paths leading onward and upward. In New York City I visited the Metropolitan Art Gallery, and the Hall devoted to statuary claimed much of my attention. But of these masterpieces, the model before which I stood the longest, because of the powerful lesson it taught, was a colossal group of two figures entitled, "Two Natures in Man." One figure is in a recumbent position with closed eyes, bestial features and huge, animal-like form. The other figure, representing the higher self, had struggled up to an almost erect position. The back is still bent and the eyes are still closed, but the face has become more refined and exalted in character. The head is uplifted away from the earth and the outstretched hands are groping

blindly toward the light. The lips of the standing figure seemed to say:

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on; . . .
I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

No work of art or literature has so impressed me, unless it be Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." We must dispel the clouds of ignorance, destroy the bestial appetite, strangle the brute, develop the man!

We are all sculptors, only instead of with mallet and chisel giving form to cold marble, we fashion of ourselves a living, breathing image, the outward form of an inward grace, or the base resemblance of a distorted soul.

The colossus of humanity, known as Man, has only struggled to his feet after being earth-bound by the ignorance and superstition of the centuries.

We the individual sculptors must set about the mighty task of strengthening these bent shoulders and opening those closed lids and turning those groping hands toward the certain sunlight of God's mighty truth.

"I may not reach what I pursue,
Yet will I keep pursuing;
Nothing is vain that I can do,
For soul-growth comes of doing."

THE GOOD TIME NOW

By Lizzie Doten

The world is strong with a mighty hope
  Of a good time yet to be,
And carefully casts the horoscope
  Of her future destiny;
And poet, and prophet, and priest, and sage
  Are watching, with anxious eyes,
To see the light of that promised age
  On the waiting world arise.
O, weary and long seems that time to some,
  Who under life's burdens bow,
For while they wait for that time to come,
  They forget 'tis a good time now.

Yes, a good time now,—for we cannot say
  What the morrow will bring to view;
But we're always sure of the time to-day,
  And the course we may pursue;
And no better time is ever sought,
  By a brave heart, under the sun,
Than the present hour, with its noblest thought,
  And the duties to be done.
'Tis enough for the earnest soul to see
  There is work to be done and how,
For he knows that the good time yet to be
  Depends on the good time now.

There is never a broken link in the chain,
And never a careless flaw,
For cause and effect, and loss and gain,
Are true to a changeless law.
Now is the time to sow the seed
For the harvest of future years,
Now is the time for the noble deed,
While the need for the work appears.
You must earn the bread of your liberty
By toil and the sweat of your brow,
And hasten the good time yet to be,
By improving the good time now.

'Tis as bright a sun that shines to-day
As will shine in the coming time,
And truth has as weighty a word to say,
Through her oracles sublime.
There are voices in earth and air and sky
That tell of the good time here,
And visions that come to Faith's clear eye,
The weary in heart to cheer.
The glorious fruit on life's goodly tree
Is ripening on every bough,
And the wise in spirit rejoice to see
The light of the good time now.

The world rests not with a careless ease
On the wisdom of the past—
From Moses, and Plato, and Socrates,
It is onward advancing fast;
And the words of Jesus, and John, and Paul,
Stand out from the lettered page,
And the living present contains them all
In the spirit that moves the age.

Great earnest souls, through the Truth made free,
No longer in blindness bow,
And the good time coming, the yet to be,
Has begun with the good time now.

Then up! nor wait for the promised hour,
For the good time now is best,
And the soul that uses its gift of power
Shall be in the present blessed;
Whatever the future may have in store,
With a will there is ever a way,
And none need burden the soul with more
Than the duties of to-day.
Then up! with a spirit brave and free
And put the hand to the plow,
Nor wait for the good time yet to be,
But work in the good time now!

FRIENDSHIP

THE THREE CIRCLES

There should be formed in every man's life and daily living what may be termed three circles, and all three of these circles should be well defined and rightly understood if we would enjoy ordinary continued happiness crowned with peace of mind.

The outer, or larger circle, represents the human world, embracing all the people.

The next circle is the circle of friendly acquaintances—these coming to us naturally by contact amongst the people of the world.

The delicate, or refined inner circle, the most important one, and the one that should be regarded as such by all thinking people, is the circle of Home and Friends.

These thoughts are not put forth from any sense of moral or intellectual superiority—not a bit of it. They are sent forth from the depths of my experience and knowledge of things pertaining to everyday life.

In the present snail-like movement of intellectual and humane growth termed civilization, no matter to what degree one may have been developed, or how fraternal or loving a nature one may possess, he or she cannot make and hold a close personal associate of everyone by chance we meet or come in contact with in the large circle of human life.

There are men of different minds and men of different molds. There are men of different grades and men of different ways. There are men who are strong and men who are weak.

We may love all of humankind and be a helper of the human race.

However, harmony must prevail, especially in the home—for the home should be the one sacred spot of human living. Its portals must be guarded with devout care, not simply to protect it from questionable characters, but for the continuous development of love, peace, and good cheer within the circle—which is man's castle—his all in all.

We must cultivate honesty and helpfulness combined with intellectual pleasure in our associations with those whom we designate as friends.

It is an impossibility for a thoughtful man to make an intimate associate of a man who

never thinks, and a man of reasoning power cannot enjoy the close and continuous association of a bigot. Such a combination would mean destruction to the developed man and never-ceasing madness to the undeveloped man.

Gratitude cannot live and dwell with ingratitude in peace and thankfulness, neither can an honest man have and hold for a boon companion a dishonest one; at any rate, such an influence and association would not be conducive of peace and progress to the former or pleasing and congenial to the mind of the latter.

Only in men and women whose deepest and most hidden experiences have something in common with our own can we find a friend. It matters not how diversified our lives may be, a real friendship is—"Two souls with but a single thought."

The sunny soul of an optimist would be taxed to the limit in attempting to live in continual association with the blue mind of the pessimist.

There is good in all men, but this fact does not mean that peace and harmony can be found and lived in close association with all kinds of men. To have and to enjoy harmony in friendship there must necessarily exist in heart and mind a blending of thoughts and a spirit of unselfishness.

Men of pure friendship live on higher planes of life than does the "animal" man who simply eats, drinks, appeases his pas-

sions, and dies, unknown even to himself. There are but few pure affinities of mind and soul in men. It is much safer to be sure of one's self than any number of others. We may have many friendly acquaintances, but we can have but few real friends—for these are rare and precious gems of the soul. Friendship is of slow growth, delicate in cultivation and wonderfully cheering as it develops and unfolds in a genuine friend.

To all men be courteous and to all be polite, holding in your heart good will and showing a manly confidence in all; but to be safe, and if you wish to live in the sunshine of harmonious friendship, be sure not to take, receive, or place men in the inner circle of heart and home until you know their grade of development—not until you know that they are growing toward the light in honor and in thinking power. Friendship and confidence are plants of slow growth.

Friendship is akin to love, it is seldom found for the looking, never is known except by experience of the years; it does not exist at first sight, it comes only as a matter of growth, and again if the growth is forced it will not be of the nature of the oak, but on the contrary it is very apt to be of mushroom stability, the cactus and the nettle type.

In the big circle of the world, wherever you may go, treat all men kindly and well, clasp their hands in heartiness and in strict integrity.

In this big circle you may find for the next

circle many friendly acquaintances, and from these a natural selection will follow of the choice spirits of earth for the inner and refined circle of home and loved ones.

Remember if you should gather but one real friend into life's fold—into your heart of hearts—you have done well and have garnered a blessing of higher worth than stacks of glittering gold, pomp, or show.

Should you, in the long run of years, find yourself blessed with more than one friend,—say, two, three, or four,—surely Nature's choicest gift has blessed your life and you should be satisfied.

These described conditions with a wife in harmony with yourself, the husband of the home having conquered one loving and faithful heart, a wife, each absolutely true and indissolubly one, with hearts linked together by the golden ties of children playing about their knees at the cottage door, all living and growing up in purity and honor,—I tell you, brother man, the world then is yours—the Man is King! the Woman is Queen! both occupying the same Throne crowned and bedecked with garlands of love.

To crave or seek for more than this at life's banquet would be the height of folly and the depth of unwise selfishness.

SEEK PEACE AND PURSUE IT

Every man is a volume if you know how to read him.
—Channing.

Through a lack of knowledge or a lack of education in the science of reading the souls of men through the physical form, we are very apt to commit serious blunders in choosing our associates either for the inner or for the outer circles as described. It is as important and necessary on life's highway to correct an error as it is to cling to a virtue. If, therefore, after a thorough test in experience or trials you become convinced that a mistake has been made in the selection of an intimate acquaintance or friend, and that neither pleasure nor intellectual progress can grow out of the association, then according to grade and development in the higher self and friendliness, not in anger, not in haste, not in ill-feeling, but with matured judgment mentally, put said associate back into the circle where he or she belongs and thus free your mind of the obstructive incumbrance.

The one who has been supposedly a worthy friend may perchance make a pleasant acquaintance; then in your mind remove him from the refined circle and place him in the next circle, where he may fit.

If an acquaintance is absolutely detrimental to peace and progress, then turn such a one

back into the world circle, and thus may we rid ourselves of incumbrances and have friendships and acquaintances that will be harmonious and a joy forever.

Through evolution men are growing and unfolding. The right of choosing a friend is a natural and a personal privilege, and yet, after all, a friend is really not of one's own getting or choosing, a friend is Heaven sent, or at least we meet by chance the soul that chimes with our own, and from the beginning it grows and develops in beauty and in grace.

Friendship is an incomplete soul finding its completion in a friend.

I quote from a little book of Prose and Verse by Claudia Boddie Money:—

"To the majority of men we can never show that portion of ourselves which is deepest and truest and most really ours. We instinctively feel there is a want of sympathizing receptiveness in them that would hinder their seeing the pearl laid at their feet and in many cases, alas! a brutal insensitiveness which would only prompt them to crush it beneath their heel. But Nature is merciful. She cannot suffer any child of hers to dwell in solitary places forever; and sometime in the course of a life, not often, but I dare to believe always once, we recognize by a divinity-bestowed intuition the much longed for, the unspeakably, ineffably precious kindred spirit. This intuitive recognition is one of the mysteries of humanity. It is the true

love at first sight, when eye does not simply look into eye, but soul gazes into soul."

Friendship is the rarest and sweetest flower that grows in the garden of life; its soil is the human heart, it is planted by honest thought, nurtured by tears of sympathy, and kept alive by the breath of good wishes.

As to its genuineness watch these tests:— a chattering tongue, a wind of adversity, a little bit of good fortune, and a breath of slander. If it is touched by these acids without tarnishing it is pure gold.

In your friendships be true and loyal. Disloyalty is the "unkindest cut of all"; it means death. Friendship is reciprocal. You cannot have a friend unless you are worthy of every confidence.

Fortunes are not generally made in a day; neither is a friendship. A real genuine friend is a fortune of higher value than a golden god.

Making a friend is one of the most serious things in life.

A friend appreciates the chance of coming in when the crowd has gone out.

Friendship hides a fault, commends a virtue, and loves you anyhow.

Our life current is ebbing away when a friend dies.

Friendship is a golden link in the chain of life, holding us together in affection when separated one from the other.

When the sun of prosperity goes down, a real friend clings the closer, and in loving kindness cheers the faint and weary.

If a tale-bearer pours poisonous stories into your ear about a friend (if you take any notice at all), play fair, give your friend, the slandered one, an equal chance for a hearing with the tattler or slanderer.

Never judge harshly nor slight a man through the tongue of a chatterer. If you do you are on the same plane of life as the chatterer. Men talk; monkeys chatter. The world needs men.

Friendship is the music of the world. It exerts its influence on humanity and blends the good, the true, and the beautiful into perfect harmony, like the chords of a gigantic orchestra.

Friendship is light amid the darkness; it is loyal even unto death.

We must be true in our friendship, that its beauty and its fragrance may permeate the

whole atmosphere throughout the forest of life.

It is the spirit of friendship in man that gives him tone and character.

A FRIEND

Have you ever had a friend that loved you for yourself, loyal and sincere, would stand by you in cloud, in sunshine, in wrong, in right?

Have you ever had a friend that would defend your name, in a crowd, and you absent?

Have you ever had a friend that when you were being complimented would fall in line and then not qualify with, "but"—"but"?

Have you ever had a friend that would come in and aid and cheer, when everybody had gone out, and the joy of the doing was a rich reward?

Have you ever had a friend that never allowed "people's chatter"—or his own imagination—to mar a friendly equilibrium?

Have you ever had a friend that by chance had gotten rich, or clothed in "petty au-

thority," and then was just the same good friend?

Have you ever had a friend that would applaud you while climbing the hill of prosperity—and he at the foot?

Have you ever had a friend whose heart-strings were entwined with yours, bound round with the silken cords of esteem and confidence, and from the depths there flowed a perpetual fountain of fraternal love, carrying good cheer, blending as it flowed on with desire and action to augment the sum of happiness and well-being?

"Yes, sir; I have had such a friend!" Then, sir, you have been rich.

What's that! You say, you have such a one at the present time?

"I have."

Then you are now a rich man;
You have

A FRIEND

THE TEMPLE OF INDWELLING GOD

LINES TO PURSUE

As we surpass our fathers' skill,
  Our sons will shame our own;
A thousand things are hidden still,
  And not a hundred known.
And had some prophet spoken true
  Of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so widely new,
  That no man would believe.
Meanwhile, my brothers, work and wield
  The forces of to-day,
And plow the present like a field,
  And garner all you may.

—Tennyson.

Many people ask, What line of study shall I pursue to attain the strength and will-power necessary to growth into such a life as herein taught? Lessons only in a general way can be given in a brief space, and then, after all is said and done, each individual is the architect and builder of a life, master of his or her own destiny. Remember the inner consciousness of man must not be sold nor bartered. This is the very soul of life,—the higher and better part of self, and it grows in beauty and in glory as we develop in knowledge and in goodness. If you cast away the divine right of liberty of thought

and its expression, you become as nothing,—the light has failed.

To begin with, thought power must be developed and brought into use; an idiot does not know his way about. When thought forces have reached the height of a governing-power, then will you study how to take care of your physical self.

The first line of action necessary toward building a splendid physical and mental manhood is for man to have the desire, then to resolve earnestly to do his own climbing and his own thinking on the ladder of life. The rungs are named honesty, enthusiasm, self-denial, and industry. Then, pertaining to the physical, he must know how to keep the body pure and clean within and without; next, to learn how to breathe. Nature gives us breath, which is life; correct, deep breathing means purer, healthier thought, enriching the tones of the voice, charming the listener and soothing one's own disposition, lifting humankind into higher realms of thought and purpose.

Nature gives us functions whereby we may use that breath. Nature takes the breath away, and life ceases; death is the result. Hence, to know how to breathe correctly is an absolute necessity for the building up of a strong, healthy body, which is the real foundation of a healthy manhood.

Next, one must learn how to exercise every function of the body by work and simple common-sense rules of physical culture.

If you have habits that are detrimental to your health and morals, you must rid yourself of them at once, or you will simply waste your time, by building a house, a life, upon the sand, which will be washed away by habits or waves of dissipation.

There is only one way in dealing with a lower self or with a habit, and that is—make the will the master over desires and cravings.

"The human will, that force unseen
The offspring of a deathless soul,
Can hew a way to any goal,
Though walls of granite intervene."

Individual salvation can be attained only by the use of will-power. If man would be saved he must save himself. By this law of the will any man may change low, base desires and cravings for high, pure, and clean ones, and bring himself up to a high standard of character. Without the will there can be no progress, no improvement. Increasing degradation is the inevitable result. At times the struggle may mean wretchedness and intense suffering, but this knowledge will comfort us—that our natural weaknesses will erelong yield to our will. Habits are formed and desires increased by continued repetition. Stop doing a thing, and in time the desire to do it vanishes. Respond to your base desires, and you grow coarser every day and become "an animal." Resist base desires and culti-

vate intellectual, spiritual refinement, and you become a man.

It has taken millions of years to produce a man in the higher sense of the term, and in order that man might exist, millions of forms of life, lower in quality, have been produced. Slowly but surely man is coming into light. The law of evolution is the law of thinking.

We must have a race of kindly, fraternal men before there can be a reign of peace, of justice, and of love.

Many men may laugh at the toil and effort of the few in developing or civilizing humankind by the power of thought, love, and kindness; but these, combined with reason, surely are the liberators from the errors of ignorance and superstition, and through these avenues only can we find the way out of bondage and chaotic life into the free air and into the haven of joyous peace.

Without refinement and sentiment there would be no love, no home, no courtesy, no honor, no patriotism. Our life and our country would be little else than an empty shell of "animal life."

Laws may protect or restrain to some extent the killing with cannon and gun, but there are worse things, worse weapons and instruments, more deadly to human happiness and well-being than martial music, guns, and war.

It is but a piece of foolishness to proclaim peace in a world of men who have not yet

climbed far enough up the intellectual heights of reasoning, thought power, to even discern with mental eye right from wrong in the common things of ordinary everyday life, and where each one is seeking to devour or to be assured of an advantage over the other.

We cannot have peace on earth until humankind are humanized;—not until we have a fraternal world, with an honest distribution of life's bounties,—a peace-living and a peace-loving people: a strong nation of real men who will be men because they know it is right to be men, natural to be thoughtful and reflective, and who combine with honor manly courage to do and to dare all things for the building of an intellectual manhood.

Our public halls, our churches, our sky-scrapers, all of them, would be valueless, if not for the mighty foundations upon which they rest. These foundations are laid deep in the ground, in the dark and out of sight; but these are the main supports, props, and pillars of the structure.

What these granite foundations are to the great buildings, so is honest, high thought to the individual. Character is what you think; not what you think you think. Character is really what you are.

"Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong."—Emerson.

Reputation grows and spreads on what "they" don't know. Character is built up by slow degrees on what "we" do know. Every man is sole proprietor of his character,

his real self. Reputation is on the differing lips of the crowd, and is never safe nor permanent until one is dead. We must keep a strict watch on our character.

If one would grow into a sterling manhood or womanhood, he or she must learn to control the nerves and be master of one's self. Anger must be entirely obliterated from the make-up of man or woman. One should never boast of having a quick temper. Boasting of a quick or bad temper simply tells the story that spasmodically one goes insane in double-quick time and erelong will have to be cared for by the State.

"There is not in nature
A thing that makes a man
so deformed, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger."

Never allow yourself to hate anybody or anything and beware of vile suggestion. The person who hates is malevolent—stunts himself—stops his growth. He cannot advance; hatred, malice, and jealousy contract and harden the human heart, and man is fooling himself by yielding to such foolish things. Envy, anger, and meanness are as strong links in a chain of steel binding man to the rocks of bigotry, prejudice, and low life.

Stop sowing weeds, and you cease reaping weeds.

TEMPLE OF THE SOUL

The human body is the temple of the soul. It must be pure and refined. To keep this body strong and perfect should be the aim and object of every man and woman. It must not be defiled either from without or from within.

"Why come temptations but for man to meet,
And master and make crouch beneath his feet,
And so be pedestaled in triumph!"

In the play of "Hamlet," Shakespeare puts these words into the mouth of Polonius when giving advice to his son:

"This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The meaning of the phrase "To thine own self be true" is absolutely devoid of low selfishness. We say, "This is my hand, my coat, my tie, my face, etc." We claim them in the possessive case. Then what is the meaning of "my" or "I"? It means the ego, the cosmos, the soul, the angel voice, the God-life within. "To thine own self be true" means that we will guard well our actions. It means a life of truth, of honesty, of virtue, of

kindness, of helpfulness toward all mankind. It means that we shall not destroy our bodies by dissipation, ugliness, and depravity. It means that we shall help and lift rather than blame and hurt for the mistakes, faults, and frailties growing out of poor human weaknesses.

The man who does not study, think, and reason surrenders by his slothfulness his birthright; he chooses darkness instead of light, dross for gold. He exchanges the divinity within for deviltry without, and erelong he finds himself floundering about in the swamps and the foul morass of wrong living and wrong doing, and thus he becomes a failure, a thing in human shape to be laughed at and despised,—a rotten hulk, spoiled and ruined, inhabited only by bats and bugs on the filthy banks of stagnant pools.

A man is not really a man until he has control of his appetites. We may enjoy our food and the good things at life's banquet table, but for one person to eat two dinners in the same hour, and to drink when not thirsty, is not conducive to health, to morals, or to happiness. We must be temperate in all things. Use everything, abuse nothing; eat to live, not live to eat. When we have attained this height of development in mind and strength, we may then begin to build intellectual mansions, story upon story, until one's head is lifted above the mists and fogs of ordinary human life. Then may we stand as a beacon light to our fellowmen.

"'Tis fearful building upon any sin,
One mischief entered brings another in.
The second draws a third, the third pulls more,
Till they for all the rest set ope the door.
Then habit takes away the judging sense,
And to offend we think it no offense."

CULTIVATION

Our first great difficulty is to fasten our interest upon that which is invisible, to behold in our imagination the sublimity of our work completed. He who would seek the gates of gold leading into real human life must first learn to imagine and contemplate. The poet, dreaming of his creation, looks upon the unseen yet beautiful, and listens to the delightful cadence of the soul of things, which to the world is unseen and unheard.

The sculptor who chisels the insensible rock, first raises the veil of his subjective mind and beholds in all its splendor his beautiful creation ere his work begins. It's the things we see mentally that lead us on to higher living here, now and always. Our dreams are shadows of what we may become. One must keep an open mind and never mind who laughs.

The reader or the word-picture painter must first comprehend his poem, his subject. The fullness of the picture and each character must be indelibly imprinted on his or her

mind; in other words, he must see what he would create through the mirror of his imagination.

Man's success depends wholly upon the firmness and the determination with which he attaches himself to his purpose, though that purpose to some extent be unseen. The poet, the sculptor, the reader, the actor, the preacher who comprehends the divinity of his work, will ever see to it that they are endowed with that purity of soul and body which alone marks true greatness.

The training of man's moral nature is an important factor in producing a healthy mind. Socrates, the great Pagan, gave the key to the higher mode of instruction:—"Know thyself." Again he said,—"'Tis only the wise man who can be brave, just, and temperate. Vice of every kind is ignorance."

Christ said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" He meant that being true to truth was the only way of knowing the things worth knowing and enjoying the kingdom that is within you. Jesus knew it, and we all of us ought to know it, that physically

> "Although he craves it from his birth
> And wishes it through life's brief span,
> Man never, never gets the earth.
> It is the earth that gets the man."

In this age of greed and clamor, it is claimed by many that "Every man has his price," meaning that the honor of man may

be bartered and sold as in trading for a horse or for a bale of hay. The man who lives this kind of a life and claims it as a universal truth, looks through smeared glasses. His mind is on "a mess of pottage." He sees no further than something to eat, his goal is a golden god, his pleasure a bowl of mush and some meat.

He has not figured on the higher values of life. He never tries to lift his mind above the material things of earth. This man, in his shortsightedness and stupidity, exchanges higher values for lower values,—he eats, sleeps and dies, unknown even to himself,—leaving the question of the Christ unanswered,—"What shall it profit a man?" etc.

On the walls of a public library in Preston, England, the following sentiment is printed in large bold letters:—

"On earth there is nothing great but man."

On another wall,

"In man there is nothing great but mind."

Let us add,

"In mind there is nothing worth while but development."

If man would make anything of himself, a brief space of time must be given every day to the cultivation of thought-power, backed by sober reason poised and balanced in the scales of justice.

All the greatest, purest, and worthiest things in life are beyond market value. The gifts of God are not for sale at bargain counters.

Man must go into his chamber alone and meditate, concentrate, commune with his higher and nobler self. Study and read, if only for a little while, or if only a few lines, commune with master minds, as well as humbler poets. Digest what is read, think, be in earnest, cultivate enthusiasm, commit the expressions of great thoughts to memory, make the thought a part of self and thus build mansions of the soul.

It is not an absolute necessity to go to college to become educated. Information,—Education, is the important thing. It matters not where one gets it.

The first requisite for manhood is to have brains. Thousands of people are not what might be termed educated, but they have brains and are safe. It is better to be a thinking man than a non-thinking, educated ass. Education should mean obedience to natural law—finding the truths of the universe. When this scholarship is attained, man will recognize this absolute truth,—that to be in harmony with the Infinite power from which all good and all blessings come, he must be true to the divinity within himself —to law and order with every step in every pathway in which he moves and lives and has his being—illumined by the light of a bright intellectuality which in itself is a pow-

erful chain sending forth and uplifting and commanding an influence wherever it appears, if it be in the public hall, in the home of the rich, or in the hovel of the poor.

I fully appreciate college professors because they are good instructors, but it is well to avoid wasting time on dead languages or on study of things which can be of very little service to you, or at least to the average citizen.

It is not necessary to be labeled to be an honest man, a religious man, or an educated man.

It is not a necessity to have a medal to be a hero. There are more silent heroes that are worth while than noisy ones.

It is not a necessity to be a young man to be a student. To use your brain and be a thinker is the thing. It's a pity that boys are not put to work and men to school.

The best days of man—I mean thinkers—are after or from forty-five years old. Don't be hornswoggled into any contrary thought by waves of public clamor, by so-called scientists, or know-it-alls.

Robert Browning's words may to some extent overstate the case, but nevertheless they suggest the truth:

"The best is yet to be,
Grow old along with me, . . .
The last of life, for which the first was made."

The person who is in possession of a bright intellect and has lived a clean life appreciates the thoughtful difference between youth and age.

If a person does not grow happier well into life it is because he has not known how to live.

Age is not always a question of silvered hair and furrowed brow. The Census Taker in Heaven will never inquire about the date of your birth, nor care for the record in the old family Bible.

Old age is a very different thing in different natures. One man seems to grow more and more selfish as he grows older, and in another the slow fires of Time seem only to consume the little lingering selfishness within him, and let the light of goodness shine out more and more as the body grows thin and the soul nears the approaches to its immortality. Keep your heart young. Let not the fair flower that grew there perish for the want of a little watering.—Let the fragrance of pure love grow the mellower with each passing day. And the way to keep young is to grow out of self and live for others.

The young man is very apt to run and shout and waste his life in blindness. The old man may walk and talk and see the beauties of life and be a useful blessing to all about him.

Quiet, manly meditation is every bit as joyous as is noisy Rah! rah! rah!

Intelligence is the foundation upon which

we rear character. It is ours to develop and cultivate, and it will ripen into a glorious splendor if lived for and will last through all eternity. If you would add unto yourself wit, wisdom, and those fair flowers of an existence that is worth while, dedicate your life's efforts, your intelligence to the accomplishment of your loftiest ideals.

It is the force of holy thought and feeling, of love, of mercy, in which we act, and this spirit must be nurtured and encouraged through and by every source that is available if we would save ourselves, our country, and our civilization.

TRUTH

First of all, man must be absolutely truthful. It is only the foolish or undeveloped who are untrue to truth:

"O, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!"

Truthfulness is greatness; there can be no greatness without a strict adherence to truthfulness.

True manhood is an intellectual, moral, and spiritual unfoldment of truth.

Truth is the basis of all civilized life; nothing can need a lie.

To know the truth, means climbing the mountains of honor and integrity to a nobler manhood.

Truth can be found only by the torch of reason carried aloft by clean hands, clear minds, and honest hearts.

Truth is the divine source from which come love of home, love of country, and love of God.

A truthful man is kind, generous, and thoughtful.

Truth means loyalty to man's higher and nobler self.

Truth all across the ages has been the star that has given light to the feet and courage to the hearts of the bravest and the best of God's children.

If man would grow he must be truthful though wrong be on the throne and the gates of an imaginary hell are pointed out to him by stupid man as the punishment to fit the crime.

Truth is a constant revelation and a continuous inspiration to reach an ideal.

Truth leads us on through bog and fen of ignorant life into the sunlit fields of eternal day.

Truth makes us free and freedom makes us men.

Truth never builds a stationary tent; one must journey on and on to keep abreast of truth. Only the man who is true can see and appreciate divine truth.

Truth is light; the absence of it is darkness.

Truth is the compass of the soul pointing the way from the cave and jungle to the glorified home of father, mother, and child.

The truth of to-day may be the imperfection of to-morrow, nevertheless it is truth. We must be true to truth on our journey from the fear of a God of hate to the adoration of a God of love.

Truth banishes the ignorance of the tribal age, it kills prejudice, it destroys the animal spirit of revenge, and cheers the heart with fraternal love.

Truth is the staff of a pure, refined conscience reliable under any and all trials or conditions, whether they be the fagot, the thumbscrew, the cross, or the modern mode of ostracism.

Tell the Truth and Hell Vanishes.

Each individual is responsible to his own conscience—the monitor of God—to know the truth and live by it.

The tangled web in human life to-day is ignorance—lack of truth, fear to express the truth, catering to fads and fancies rather than being true to our better selves. We sell out heaven for smiles of the devil through fear of the world's frowns.

The devil is he who is a stumbling-block to truth, who will not accord the same privileges in life to his fellows that he exercises and claims for himself.

Truth is growing in all quarters of the universe, and honesty is the only possible line between two points.

When truth controls the hearts of men justice will rule the world—God is truth.

"Let cowards fear to trust the truth,
And paddle round the shore;
Hoist thy sails, give truth the helm,
Then let the billows roar."

HONOR AND HONESTY

The most essential principle of all human life is honor, to which all virtues cling. Without honor, justice is dethroned, man is simply animal, and his fellow-beings his prey. We often hear it said,—"Honesty is the best policy." Honesty is not a policy, but a part of Nature's great universal law.

The sun is honest. It rises in the east and sets in the west, and at the proper time. The earth is honest. It revolves daily on its axis, and with equal precision does it take its yearly trip around the sun.

The seasons are honest. They succeed each other in the same form forever. The flowers and plants are honest. They come to visit us in the proper season. Even the elements are honest. They warn us, with freezing cold or scorching heat, or threatening sky, to take proper precautions against their extremes.

Man, to be natural, to be healthy, to be happy, should be honest. If he is not, he

must pay the penalty for breaking the law of the universe.

Honor and integrity must be kept as pure and sacred in business and social relationship as in the family life.

"He who cheats his fellowman
Too dearly buys his pelf:
Who tramples on another's rights
But doubly cheats himself."

But suppose we should adopt a policy of being honest in our everyday life, irrespective of conscience, or of the real and higher thought, with the satisfaction that a feeling of honesty invariably brings, I believe even then the policy of honesty would be a winner.

True, one casts off a whole lot in being honest, but what does he cast off? Is it anything of real value, is it anything but outside decorations or, in itself, anything but foolishness? When a man gets rich, the supposition is that the accumulation of gold and the attainment of so-called pleasure are the "all in all," but are they? I don't believe that they are "all in all." To my mind no man can become very rich, if he be keenly honest, because from the honest fundamental principle of life this world is neither yours nor mine—it is ours. But we'll let that subject rest, for mankind are not yet fraternalized—humanized—and we should not be understood, and my purpose is to humanize—fraternalize.

The rich man, of course, rides, while the poor man walks.

The rich man may eat two dinners and drink liquors and champagne and get real pain. The poor man can eat but one dinner, drink water, tea, or coffee, and have no pain. The rich man can go "into society" and shake hands like a kangaroo. The poor man can meet a few people and shake hands like a man.

The rich man can have a following of friends; the poor man has no following,—his friends walk beside him.

The rich man may never know who is his friend; the poor man is positive of one or two, and gets the proof.

The rich man is an object to be looked at and pointed out as the man with the "rocks"; the poor man, if pointed out at all, is as the man with the heart.

Personally I have seen but little gained by the rich,—in simply being rich; and to get rich dishonestly,—why, then, one sells his birthright for a mess of pottage. As a rule, in being honest you may have a good dinner with wholesome drink, you may have manly society and the earnest handclasp of a toiler, and when alone you are always sure of good company. I really believe that, if we lived simply by rule, Honesty would be the best Policy.

If a man is dishonest, others not being cognizant of it, or if by others forgiven, makes no difference. To forgive one's self

is the rub; and irrespective of the modern idea, I want to tell you that the wrong is in the doing rather than in the being found out.

Conscience is God's monitor—"an all-seeing eye"; and this monitor is with us always and everywhere.

Men are false because they do not listen to the angel voice of their better selves.

The heavens open to every man who keeps the key of intellectual power and purity. If human life is not worth being honest, it is not worth anything.

GABBING

Shakespeare said, "Take heed, be wary how you place your words."

Scott truly wrote:

"And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken."

If you cannot speak well of a person, keep your lips sealed.

A tattle-talebearer is the devil-fish in life's ocean, or the monkey of the universe, and is a more dangerous thing than is a drawn sword in the hands of an idiot. Man is not worthy the name until he is developed high enough in character and intelligence to live for a principle, to be a man; until he has the principle of honor, and, combined with what-

ever gifts or talents he possesses, a definite purpose and a purity of life.

It is ignorance that makes men sin, and to-day there is no excuse for ignorance, either in book-learning or in mental development. Every man who is a seeker after knowledge can find it.

Idle gossip by chattering people is the cause of the greater part of the troubles in the world, and man is not honorable until he lives above the mists and fogs of petty jealousies and small, hurtful talk.

An honorable man will never deprive his neighbor of his just dues. He never decides nor acts through the spirit of the mob or through public clamor. Honor banishes from man snobbishness, and real men simply smile at the snob. Another distinctive phase of dishonesty in human life is jealousy. This relic of primitive life is a blight and a curse to the nation, to society, to the individual, and to the home. This devilish thing creates slander, wrecks the home, wounds the trusting heart, and turns the ivy of friendship into the lavender of distrust.

America must cultivate a new national spirit or it will be a land of chatterers. To-day, in many places, it consists of 40 per cent. sleep and 60 per cent. scandal,—"The Press." In shop, in factory, in office, in societies, and in all the various departments of government, this nagging and peace-disturbing thing—chatter—keeps human life in a continuous turmoil. "Mother Grundy"

clutches at a breath or word of scandal or "baby talk" as eagerly as a buzzard its prey, and then vomits her poisoned nastiness into the living waters of life.

A good name, popularity, and happiness may be stolen as readily as any article of property. Shakespeare's words teach us that the theft of a good name is a baser deed than the theft of money:

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

The virtue of honesty shines brightest in those who are most zealous in preserving and honoring their own and their neighbors' good name.

The influence cast by gossiping, tattle-tale busybodies is beyond mental calculation, in its destruction of happiness and its retarding of human progress. Many well-meaning women, wives, cursed with the blight of chatter, have brought ruin to their husbands, their homes, and themselves, by gossip, by continually pouring into the ears of their loved ones silly, petty stories which are both irritating and disturbing. She tells what "Mrs. Grundy" said, and what Mr. So-and-So told

Mr. Grundy about him, her husband. Thus friendly confidences are weakened, mental disorders are developed, the husband becomes a suspicious, grouchy wreck, his destination being a sanitarium, and next the grave.

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that when you are flying words.
Careful with fire is good advice, we know;
Careful with words is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

Honor is life's most important ruling—it means to give and receive justice in our dealings with our fellowmen. It admonishes us to be faithful to every trust. It whispers a warning—that a broken promise is the meanest and most aggravating of lies. Manly honor not only says—be honest in keeping your promises and in paying and receiving dollars and cents, but it goes farther and commands us to be honest in spirit, in thought, and in action. Honor proclaims, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Honor teaches that man shall live and dwell in the broad sunlit fields of purity and intellectuality—life's pathway, ever illumined with the light of sober reason.

Honor:—all men are fond of this divine appeal. Many use it for such vain and trifling things as wealth, ambition, and show. It should be used only for those higher attributes in man, when all that is paltering, wicked, and foolish shall have been stripped away. It is the spotless shield protecting a spotless character. It means justice to all mankind.

CHARITY

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

—Corinthians xiii.

Charity is the redeeming angel of this world.

Charity is as constant as a mother's love.

Charity kneels upon the loftiest step of the throne eternal and her voice is sweeter than the harmony of heaven's minstrelsy. She pleads for the outcast, the unfortunate, and the distressed anywhere and everywhere.

Charity lifts humanity up from barbarism into the realms of light, making us worthy the name of man. In our hurry and flurry in everyday life by common usage, our ideas are apt to became dwarfed and narrowed and this sweet Charity is perverted to simply mean the giving of alms. Therefore it is well for us to pause awhile, listen to the music of the soul, and school ourselves in thought and

reflection, that we lose not the true inwardness, the higher, the nobler conception of charity.

One of the purest and most beautiful truths of life was spoken when 'twas said, "Charity begins at home." The blessed abode where the man is the oak, the woman the vine, the children flowers, dwelling together in love and purity, the family circle of life illumined by the light of reason,—this is the real Home, the birthplace of sweet charity.

To give alms to the poor and unfortunate is a small part of the sublime mission of charity. Care must be used in the giving of alms, or by chance we "may dull the edge of husbandry," and injure the lives of those we in our hearts would befriend.

Charity is a Divine Attribute. It must be cultivated in the depths of the human soul and its light and goodness will shine forth in our faces and infuse itself in our handclasps, reflecting its cheer in our every action.

Charity lightens the burdens of ourselves and of those we meet on life's rough and uneven highway.

Charity is as boundless as the desires and wishes of humanity, and as broad as the seas and as generous as the sun.

Charity stands upon a broad and elevated plane of life and looks in pity and in sympathy upon the selfish, the downcast, the unfortunate, and yearns with an infinite longing to accomplish something that will better the race and alleviate its sufferings.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such luster as the tear that breaks
For other's woe, down virtue's manly cheeks.
—Darwin.

Many of the world's organizations have a strong tendency to selfishness and absurd clannishness, but sweet charity whispers in gentle tones, "We are all children of the same God, all groping in the wilderness, and crying, 'Lead, Kindly Light!'"

Charity speaks tenderly and says, "To err is human; to forgive, divine."

Charity bears no anger, no malice, no envy. She knows not the meaning of hate. She does not sit in judgment, dealing out life's sentences of pain and sorrow either to friend or foe, saint or sinner.

Charity's mission is to augment the sum of human happiness. Charity is the queen in the kingdom of the unselfish. Charity's teachings are that words of encouragement are often better than gold. Charity tells us that as we journey through life we may often meet men and women bowed in sorrow, caused by errors or by misfortunes, that are not tinged with the blight of poverty, but still their lives are dark and desolate, and if, during these times, a cheery hand is placed

upon their shoulder, or if they are taken by the arm and the beauties and purposes of life are pointed out to them, their lives may be saved from ruin, misery, and death.

Charity may be defined as helpfulness in thought, in word, and in deed.

Pure heartfelt charity may be expressed without the aid of gold or wealth.

Charity whispers, Should poverty overtake a brother, help him if in your power so to do; but let it be by stealth, and then blush to find it fame. If you help a man and perform the act as if throwing a bone to a dog, it is not charity, it is the abuse of it, and if you expect something in return for your deed it is not charity.

Charity is the grandest of virtues; ingratitude, the basest of crimes.

Charity is ever appreciative, and is always alert to reciprocate a pleasant smile or a kindly deed.

Charity goes to the bedside of the sick, speaks kindly to the erring ones, and when men differ in opinion leads them from error under the light of reason, battles for principles, desires only to kill the evil,—not the man,—and this is charity.

Charity is ever thoughtful for the comfort and welfare of all of earth's children, ready to succor—to bless and cheer. Her name is—Charity.

Charity is ever kind and faithful; never stings with unkind words an absent one.

Charity is the badge of moral nobility.

In the words of the immortal Lincoln, "Live with malice toward none, and with charity for all."

Then charity will have cast its benign influence, and true and noble lives will be the result.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT

The commandment "Thou shalt not kill," Christ tells us, is violated when we are angry with our brother, and in I John 3:15 it is declared that "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

This does not mean that man murders his brother by hating him. It means that man murders himself, or, in other words, he destroys the Holy Spirit, the God within himself, by hating.

There cannot be room in eternal life for anything like hate. The man who hates is destructive and chaotic; he infuses the atmosphere with prejudicial poison; he is a dark cloud amidst the sunshine. He may sit in the glare of a noonday sun, yet he is in darkness. By his hate he destroys the source of light and love, and dies spiritually by his own choosing before he really knows the joys of living. There is no eternal life abiding in the man who hates.

SUNSHINE IN THE MORNING

MENTAL CONTROL

Get into your very soul the life-thought of truth, of cheerfulness, of refinement, of beauty, and hold it perpetually. By so doing you will exclude from your mind all silly errors and perplexities. Thus will you find the essence of life, and the one who finds and holds this secret gets down to the verity of things and becomes a God-man, and lives in harmony with the basic principles of the universe. This sublime consciousness never comes to those who simply exist or float on the surface of things.

Mental action controls in a very large degree the physical functions of the human body, and suggestion is a mighty force or power, for good or for evil, as we choose to receive it or to use it. If we would have and enjoy health and peace, love and charity, we must live for these blessings and be worthy of them.

Fear, anger, jealousy, bad temper, hate, and uncharitableness are forerunners of disease. After a fit of any of these evil-germ breeders, not considering the horrible deeds done while the spasm is on, depression and sordidness take hold of the very flesh, blood, bone, mind, and spirit of the individual, and in many cases illness, insanity, misery, and death are the results.

It requires but little thoughtful study of the nervous system to realize the absolute truth of this statement. On the other hand, the dullest mind of the crudest thinker may comprehend and realize the uplifting effects of kindness, serenity, cheerfulness, and sunshine on one's own self, and upon those with whom we may come in contact—at home, on the street, anywhere.

Through fits of anger and hate the tissues and the life fluids of the body, even the sweat of the brow, become a destroying poison which produces innumerable troubles in the body physical, which in time affects permanently the whole make-up of the man.

The first thing in the morning cleanse your teeth, your mouth, and your body. Remember cleanliness is the most important attribute of man. See to it that you are absolutely sweet, pure, and clean in body and in mind. Let your morning thoughts be bright and cheerful, your voice like music—soft and low. Begin the day with sunshine in your soul and diffuse it in your every act, and thus be true and in harmony with the infinite soul that permeates life. If an evil, grouchy spirit possess you, change the current before you leave your chamber or before you meet your loved ones and friends. Fan into flame the flickering torch of love and good will. We have no right to cast an evil influence or to be a cloud, and thus darken the lives of others. If you yourself are in spiritual

darkness, push back the blinds from the windows of the soul and let God's sunshine of fraternal love permeate your being, and should it seem an effort, look at the shadow of your darkened self in the mirror, then aim to beautify your face by good thoughts, cheery words, and pleasant smiles.

If it is a task at first to do this, make the effort. It will pay you in happiness. Try it! Smile, and command yourself to smile again and again. You will soon discover that the mists and fogs obscuring the light have rolled away and peace, in living, loving, and being loved the livelong day, will be your reward.

"Each morn if you would rightly live
On this terrestrial ball,
Name o'er your foes and then forgive,
Or don't get up at all."

PREJUDICE

Prejudice is the midnight burglar of happiness in human life.

Prejudice robs us of life's sweetest perfume; we see no flowers in the gardens of others; the mind becomes narrowed, dwarfed, and cramped. Our whole life and being becomes a morass where slimy serpents crawl and coil and cringe. Prejudice may be likened to a prison cell with walls both dense and cold. No ray of heavenly sunlight pene-

trates the gloom. The mind is in darkness when caged in the cell of prejudice.

When prejudice enters the mind, the light of God goes out, and man sits in darkness. It obliterates the essence of divinity and makes of man a walking thing in human shape.

Prejudice causes, in the field of life, a stagnant pool instead of a babbling brook, which sings its merry song and hurries on through hill and dale, cheering as it goes, making the meadows green and turning the wheels of industry.

Prejudice causes men to become, as it were, posts, rather than trees. Under its blighting influence, villages and towns become museums and curiosity shops, instead of thriving cities with life, purity, and animation.

To be a man in the true sense, the mind must not be befogged by prejudice and stupidity. The higher faculties must be in operation to be really alive. Whatever issues from an impure source, where reason does not exist or where it is dethroned, where hate and anger rule the action, it matters not how eloquent or well chosen the words, or how beautiful the diction;—all of it is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, leaving a trail of sorrow in its wake. Every man who raves in anger at his fellows, either in speech or with pen, reflects the status of his own soul and not of the one who is the object or target of his venomous mind. Noth-

ing of good ever comes from scattering poisonous weeds in the garden of life.

Thinkers who think will have none of the stuff that emanates from a darkened and withered soul, which has been debauched and destroyed by prejudicial poison.

Prejudice is the handiwork of the devil, and it is the most devilish and most powerful dam that ever obstructed the river of intellectual humane life.

Prejudice prevents the flow of the living waters of truth and love, and all along the way poisonous germs of hate, ignorance, bigotry, and misery are spawned and scattered over the otherwise golden fields of intellectual thought and happiness. It blights and ruins all it touches.

Prejudice gives us the cactus and the nettle, where the violet and the lily should grow and thrive and bless and cheer.

RACE PREJUDICE

Not only have creeds, societies, and individuals killed and been killed through illiberal prejudicial thought, but race prejudice has played havoc with the same spirit.

Nearly every race has had a taste of this devilish thing, and in turn when in power has tortured in worse manner than the former, and with all of our churches and refining societies there seems to be but little

abatement in this ignorant and stupid spirit of bigotry.

The Jew has had an awful deal at the hands of Christians, and is still in it, and as they cry, "Kill him!" they say, "It is only a Jew!" The Irish, the English, the French, the Italian, the German, and from now on God help the poor negro! I know that this murderous prejudicial clamor has not only caused untold physical and mental suffering, but it has retarded the growth of reason and the development of fraternal human life.

We shall never have a decent world to live in until race prejudice is obliterated; not until we meet and recognize the American, the Hebrew, the Irishman, the Italian, the Frenchman, the German, and other races and peoples as men and women,—a universal brotherhood.

Morality and honor are founded on the recognition, worth, and responsibility of the individual; and if advantages come with heredity, then this advantage merely calls us to a higher plane of helpfulness and a deeper responsibility.

As to religious prejudice, this is the devil twin to race prejudice, and has been a curse to the world all across the ages. Every man seems to imagine the other fellow is wrong, and that he owns a copyright on earth and heaven, and like a peacock he struts and cackles and makes of himself a judge, a dictator of the other man's heart and mind.

A thinking man will always recognize the

absolute fact that his neighbor's religion, and the ceremonies combined with it, are his neighbor's private concern.

The inner consciousness of religion is dearer and more sacred than life itself.

"Just let him hold what faith he please;
I know a man whate'er his make.
I care not where he crooks the knees,
I grasp his honest hand and shake."

John Fiske said, "A man's belief is a part of the man; take it away by force, and he will bleed to death."

If you imagine that you have climbed the shining heights of intellect and knowledge, and if you are sure you have found the perfect way, then in manly confidence and tenderness open your arms in fraternal love and beckon your fellow pilgrims up into the brighter light, the purer way, in place of cutting them with daggers of ridicule and piercing their souls with scorn. Turn the searchlight upon your inner self before you call your brother a fool. Cast out from your heart vile prejudice, and let the sunlight of fraternal love permeate your being, your soul, your mind, and your heart. Think for yourself, and decide for yourself, under the light of reasoning manhood, with good will toward all and malice toward none.

REVENGE

"The fairest action of our human life,
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head."

To act meanly, to express distorted views of one's fellowmen, produces inharmony in one's self that expresses itself in a distorted mind filled with crooked thoughts. Thus man makes of himself a mental and moral deformity as actual as though it were physical. Seek revenge on any human being for any real or imaginary wrong, and when you find it and you have your victim at your feet, in your clutch, or in stripes, what have you for your pay?—this and nothing more—a ruined self. You may have brought some suffering to your object of hate, but you have poisoned yourself. All the base material of primitive nature has been developed in you and from now on, at the fountain of life, you must forever drink the bitter waters of wormwood. Wherever you may journey amongst your fellowmen, your eye, your face, your form, and your handclasp will tell the sad story of a wrecked soul, of the destruction of your higher and nobler self. You have exchanged real values for base ones.

You have planted poisonous weeds in the garden of life and your harvest is misery.

When evil possesses you and you are ready to deal vengeance, take my advice—keep your lips sealed, then go to your private chamber and there alone meditate, read Emerson, Tennyson, Longfellow, Tolstoi, Drummond, Trine, and from other helpful sources. Better still—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." By this method, you will purify self-judgment and save your enemy as well as yourself. Put yourself for a while by thought in your enemy's place or grade, and you will cease abusing him. Then again, if your very being is permeated with hate and meanness, pause for a moment and look toward Calvary, listen again and again to the tenderest, grandest philosophic prayer ever uttered from the depths of the soul—"Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." It matters not how low a man may have fallen into the mire of meanness and misery. He cannot sink low enough but that some trace of his divine origin is evident. It is better to be wronged than to wrong. It is better to be abused than to abuse. It is better to be poor and kind than to be rich and unkind. It is better to die in a hovel—a man, than to die in a palace —a snob! It is better to be a true man than anything else in the world. Nothing is gained by railing against the bad. Let us keep our minds, our aspirations on the good,

and we can only do so by being cognizant of the pitfalls. The truth is the best in whatever path we tread. And why may you or I not be this kind of a man? It is impossible to have an enemy unless we hold enmity. A clear, pure, honest man knows how to kill the devil, and he kills him by living a good life. Keep the devil out of your heart and mind, and the devil is dead.

By failing to be men and to forgive what are termed enemies, we make of ourselves a storehouse of trouble. Every moment of life is precious; then do not allow silly, chattering, undeveloped beings to worry you by petty slander and peevish acts and thus rob you of peace and tranquillity of mind—life's best and choicest gifts. The curtain will soon fall on the last scene of life's drama for all of us. The longest life is at best but a breath, and it is gone; so beware of petty mental thieves. Never worry as to people liking you, live your own life, be worthy of self-esteem: honor bright, this is enough.

"What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill to pick at every fault I see,
And make it wider still;
It is enough for me to know I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow, and let my friend alone."

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

By Charles Mackay

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another!

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of lovingkindness;
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done?—This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

MANHOOD VS. INTEMPERANCE

"Noble is he whose moral strength
Beats down the walls of wrong,
Whose honest manhood uplifts man,
Whose life is like a song;
The brave and steadfast conqueror
Of appetite and sin,
He flings Hope's stately portals wide
And bids the lost come in."

Words are inadequate to fully describe Nature in her many phases. We cannot describe the tempest, nor yet can we describe the peaceful calm of the summer zephyrs.

I have stood on the deck of a vessel when old ocean was roused in her angry might and wave after wave dashed together as with a roar of artillery and showers of snowy spray were sent heavenward.

I have seen Nature couched in the valley, arrayed in her gay robes of grass and flowers, calm and serenely beautiful as the summer morning.

I have stood in the gloomy canyon and watched the wild elements battling, as it were, for supremacy. The rattling thunders mingling with the lightning's flash added gloom and grandeur to the scene, while high above rose clear and majestic the mountain summit bathed in sunlight.

Words and colors cannot paint the thunder's roar, nor the warmth of the summer's

sunshine, nor can they depict or paint the sorrows and sufferings of the human heart.

The battling of the elements is a part of nature and is in itself a necessity, but, alas, how often is poor humanity forced to carry an unnecessary sorrow. Man, in himself a creator, is by his own folly made a mere thing—his mind, a part of the Divinity, is crushed and thrust from its home of clay, for it cannot live in an unclean sphere.

As the bulb or the seed of a lily—a flower—requires a pure atmosphere in which to live and thrive, even so must this spark of divinity have a pure material home in which to develop into a being of righteous thought and intelligence.

Humanity's great sorrows we thus allude to are born and nourished by the damning use of alcohol. Again, words and colors cannot portray the wrecks cast upon the barren shores of the sea of intemperance.

It needs no statistics to prove that disease, waste, pauperism, and crime can be as directly traced to this devilish thing—alcohol—as the stream can be traced to its source, and neither pen nor tongue can portray the wretchedness following in the wake of the drinking habit, —foe alike to the man physical and the man spiritual.

Ruined husbands, broken-hearted wives, helpless, hapless children, poverty, suffering, and disgrace, their common portion. Think for a moment of the husband's curse, the wife's appeal, the little ones' wailing cry,

mingled together in an agony of protest and despair that might well make angels weep.

TWO PICTURES

The results of the use of alcohol are manifold. One man it makes foolish, another a maniac. Illustrative of the foolish drunk, let me tell you a story, told, I believe, years ago, by John B. Gough. A man, a husband, comes home very late at night. His wife had retired, having become weary waiting for her "lord and master." In her labors for the family, she had left upon the sewing machine a goblet into which she had thrown her spools of silk and cotton. When the "lord" came home,—he was pretty drunk,—and, of course, his thirst craved for cooling ice-water. He took the pitcher standing on the sideboard and filled the glass with water which held the silk. He gulped it down, silk and all, and in his maudlin condition he realized that something was wrong. He began to draw the silk from his mouth, and in fright and despair cried,—"Wife! wife! help me! I'm unraveling! I'm unraveling!"

But the results of drunkenness are not always ludicrous. There is a tragic side. I'll tell you one tragic story out of many we see in our everyday life.

A few years ago, in a suburb of one of our large cities, a prominent business man had a fine home, a beautiful family consist-

ing of a wife and two baby girls, and, as in the other story, the loved ones had retired, wearied of waiting. In this case drink had made of the man a maniac. He comes to his beautiful home in the clutch of the demon alcohol. His brain afire, he goes into the sleeping chamber where peacefully his family slept. He seizes his wife by the hair of her head and throws her about the room—murders her, orphaning their two sweet baby girls, making of himself a murderer by taking the life of a loving wife, the mother of his children. An alarm was sounded, the man—mad—was subdued and taken to prison. In the morning he awoke from his stupor to find himself in a prison-cell. Trembling with fear, he asks, "Where am I?" He was told by the jailor that he was a prisoner, under a very serious charge. The wreck of a man cried, in tones of anguish, "Does my wife know it?"

. . . . . .

Can you trust yourself with such a habit? Its fruit is woe and unspeakable wretchedness. It has sent respectability to hide its head in the poorhouse. What hope so precious it has not blighted! What career so promising it has not wrecked! What heart so tender, what temper so fine, what things so noble and sacred that have escaped its withering curse! Touched by its scorching flame, the laurel has changed into ashes on the brow of the genius. The wings of the

poet have been scorched by it. It has polluted the ermine of the judge and defiled the sanctity of the pulpit. Many a man gifted with faculties divine has been cast down from his ideal sphere to die in a drunkard's grave.

If you would see the frightful ravages of this wretched habit, go with me to yonder house. There look into the eye of a care-worn woman with half-starved babes clinging to her faded dress. Hunger has stilled the joyous voice of baby prattle. But, ah! another guest was here before you. Poverty, the legitimate child of the hydra-headed habit of intemperance. Listen while she tells you the story of her life—the wooing, the wedding-bells, when heart beat high, when fires of youth and hope were like wine in the veins, when the rainbow of promise spanned the future, and life was in its summer-time. Then was the noonday. Now it is night. The lights are low, the hearth is cold, the cupboard bare. Love and faith are in the throes of despair.

"Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it each day, and finally it becomes so strong we cannot break it."

The boy weaves the habit; the habit weaves the man.

Vile habits or sinful pleasures may be likened unto a snake; they coil and coil until they envelop one's very being. Sin like a thief in the night steals the jewels of the soul, leaving the shell—the empty casket. The divine principle retires from man, and when this

is gone one may sit in the glare of a noonday sun and yet be in total darkness.

The outward and visible tokens are far less than those that are within. You may tabulate the amount of money worse than wasted, but you cannot estimate the sum-total of misery which hides in the homes of the rich as well as of the poor.

You may hear the squabble between boon companions at the bar, but you do not hear the sighs and sobs of the wife, who can hardly keep the children in rags or feed them with crusts. You do not see her when she listens with palpitating heart for the shuffling footsteps of the besotted husband, or when the trembling children are hastily hidden that they may escape the father's cruel blows and foul words. She does not proclaim all this from the housetop.

This curse falls on other homes than those of poverty. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, these know the wretched family secret which they hide as long as they can from an uncharitable world. There are tender hearts stabbed with a secret wound which bleeds in silence. Many a brave woman suffers quietly, like the wounded dove which clasps her white wings to hide the wound from which her life's tide is welling. God only knows the domestic tragedies of which no whisper is heard in public. So you may have seen a fragment of wreck on the shore—the broken mast—the twisted iron,—and though you pass it by thoughtlessly, if

it could speak it would tell of men gone down in the sea to death.

There are few families so happy as not to have had someone near to them, either in imminent peril, or the slave of intemperance.

MY MOTHER'S SONG

Much depends upon the impressions made upon the child. It must have some forcible lesson by which it is taught to be true unto itself.

While life lasts I shall never forget the song my mother sang to me to the accompaniment of the bells, when we lived in the shadow of St. Mary's Church in Old England.

At noon these bells would chime a complete melody. My brother and myself had been urged to be on hand promptly, even before the first stroke. When the bells began to chime, these are the words my mother sang:

"There goes the drunkard
Staggering, reeling to and fro.
Do you wish to be like him?
No! No! No!

"He was once as young as we,
Happy, thoughtless, and free,
Care nor pain nor ache had he
Morning, noon, nor night.

"Now he is a drunkard
Staggering, reeling to and fro.
Do you wish to be like him?
No! No! No!

Our mother lovingly emphasizing, with gentle hand upon our shoulders, "No! No! No!"

This was my childhood's lesson. I have seen a good portion of the world and have associated with many kinds of men, but with temptation or no temptation I could never be a drunkard. I had my awakening in boyhood. Intemperance ruins the body as well as the intellect.

A H—— OF A TIME!

Some years ago while traveling in the far West in behalf of a fraternal society, I met on one of the main streets of Portland, Oregon, three young fellows, one of whom I knew. I also knew his parents, who resided in my home town.

The three boys were "on a spree," and of course were intoxicated. Seeing me, in jocularity they remarked, "Good-morning," and then, calling me by name, said, "We are having a h—— of a time!" I clasped their hands and, replying in jocular words, led them to the curbstone. One of them remarked, "Now he's going to lecture us." I answered, "No, boys. I am not going to lecture you; I just want to correct your declaration of your having 'a h—— of a time'; that's all! I do not believe in a fellow counting his chickens before they are hatched, and especially so when we know the eggs are bad. But, boys, I'll give you a pointer. It's a 'fool' time you are having now, but you keep on the way you are going, say, for twenty years. Then you may come to me when your face is pale and haggard, your form is bent and weak, your limbs are feeble and tottering, your hand is palsied, and your whole being simply a wreck of its former self,—a thing in human shape to be laughed at and avoided. It will then be the truth

when you say, 'Mr. Meakin, I'm having a h—— of a time!'"

My young friends, if you would not lay up for yourselves a fearful measure of retribution, avoid such a Time. How musical in the ears of Judas was the jingling of the thirty pieces of silver while it was in the hands of the chief priest—the treasurer! Yet how dull and empty was the ring as he dashed them down in his agony of remorse! Their luster had been tarnished by the tinge of innocent blood, and is it not always so? There's many a deadly poison which is pleasant to the taste—there's many a fatal lullaby which is charming to the ear—a siren voice which lures you to your mortal undoing. There's many a dead-sea apple that is tempting to the eye. There's many a cruel hand that is as soft as velvet.

There is said to have been kept in the hall of the Inquisition a beautiful statue of a woman. The utmost art and skill of the painter and sculptor had been enlisted to add charm to charm in exquisite coloring, tenderness of expression, and graceful molding of form and feature. The white arms were undraped and extended wide as though to embrace—the eyes and lips—the whole attitude was full of winning invitation. The condemned heretic was led into this fair presence and commanded to advance, and as he does so the figure embraces him. The fair, white arms encircled him, not with a caress of love, but with the vice-like clutch of vengeance.

The bosom opened and the lips expanded and a hundred gleaming knives transfixed the victim with a hundred scarlet stabs. The parted lips thrust out a barbed tongue and showed fanged teeth to lacerate and tear,—in short, the beauty was transformed into a beast,—the fairy form became an armory of poniards. Every charm concealed a death device, every grace was tipped with poison. Is it not so with the Demon Drink?

Decking her bed with roses she diffuses her poison beneath their fragrance and lulls her silly victim with a counterfeit repose. Rest not on her pillow; the venom of asps lurks beneath its snowy down. Recline not on her sunny knoll. Volcanic fires burn beneath the moss and the flames of hell light up her transient heaven.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATOR

That drunkenness leads to crime, no reasonable man will deny. When whisky gets the mastery, reason is dethroned—a devil wields the scepter, and life is hell. Conscience is dulled, the will paralyzed. He who was once a king in his self-rule is degraded into little else than a brute. Repeatedly criminals have acknowledged that they had deliberately keyed themselves up to the commission of some wicked deed by guzzling intoxicants. Its influence dominated Booth, Lincoln's assassinator. When he saw his victim in the

box at the theater, calmly enjoying the play, unconscious of his impending doom, Booth's better feelings were stirred. In order to nerve himself he hastened out to the nearest bar and called for brandy, and drank until the voice of his good angel was stilled. Then, demon-possessed, he returned to his deadly work and committed the act which robbed the earth of Abraham Lincoln, a man magnificent, one of the strongest personalities of American history.

Alcohol is not responsible for special acts of crime only, but the nature which is ready to commit is by alcohol developed. Statistics plainly demonstrate this fact.

We know that pauperism is largely due to intemperance. We know men who, if they worked all the week, as most may do, and were total abstainers, would be as well conditioned as most professional men and tradesmen. Yet they live on the verge of pauperism and helplessly roll over it at the first touch of illness or of business depression. The major part of their earnings is spent with boon companions in the barroom or the grog-shop.

On Monday morning they return to their work unnerved and unfitted for the day's toil. Such men lose their skill, and are the first set adrift when work is slack. They become idlers and vagabonds and finally paupers.

Intemperate selfishness is the mother of all the vices. Her children are slothfulness, indifference, sorrow, and crime. Her hold is

like that of the octopus; her wage is your soul. The habit of intemperance is a noxious growth in our garden of life. Will you help me pluck it? Begin with yourself to-day. It is only by moving one man at a time that the community is ever moved. Opinions and emotions may rush through a city like an electric shock, it is true, but even then they pass from individual to individual.

But one man—and you cannot do much, you say. Look across the ages and commune with the shades of greatness gone before. How was Christianity introduced? By one man. How was the American Revolution effected? By the colonies lifting themselves en masse and throwing off the yoke of tyranny? No. The army of patriots was enlisted man by man. How was the Reformation brought about? By one man.

"When by others urged to tread
A path you should not go,
Let them blame you if they will,
But firmly answer, No!

"Do the right with all your might;
A good example show,
Nor fear to speak that little word—
No! No! No!"

Considering the temptations to which our customs expose us, these facts do not astonish us; but to see a father or mother, a brother

or sister venturing on the edge of a whirlpool in whose devouring vortex they have seen one whom they loved engulfed, does fill us with astonishment.

I knew a mother once who saw her only son drowned. Years came and went ere she could calmly look upon the ocean or hear without pain the roar of the waves where her boy was lost.

How many have a cause to hate the sight of spirituous liquors! Considering how many are lost—drowned in the sea of intemperance—I do wonder to see a father indulging in the cup that had been poison and death to his son. Why does he not cast it away with horror? Spill the ruby potion—it is red with the blood of your boy—fling the cup away and afar that it may not be the death of your neighbor's boy!

What agencies for evil are so potent and subtle? How long shall custom shield from infamy and disgrace those who profit by this evil.

Our attitude toward the drink question is inconsistent and unworthy of the spirit and intelligence of the day. While we require the maintenance of schools to promote knowledge and virtue we license schools of profligacy and vice. While we build prisons and punish crime we legalize that which fills the one and promotes the other—we legalize the cause and punish the effect. Professing to be a Christian people, we receive into our treasury the price for which we license, the surest

means of shutting heaven against our fellow-beings.

. . . . . .

Our main hope in banishing intemperance lies in raising the tone of public feeling and opinion, in developing the good in each individual.

I venture to suggest the following measures: Laws should be enacted that will regard every man or woman who can be proved before a jury to be in habit and repute a drunkard as a lunatic, and deal with him or her accordingly. The prospect of imprisonment with the insane would strike men with terror. Habits of enforced sobriety would, in many instances, so restore the body and brain to health that the unfortunate person would acquire the strength to resist temptation—the slave would acquire freedom in the house of bondage. To the parents disgraced by a drunken son, to the wives ill-treated by drunken husbands, what a relief would such a law bring!

In justice, the law ought to give relief to the good as against the evil doer. It's strange to see how society stands by and allows so many to waste their lives and their wages, and thereby throw the burden of supporting their families on the sober and industrious part of the community.

Virtue is taxed to support vice.

As the drunkard is held responsible, or ought to be, for all that he does in a state of drunkenness, the law should declare that the

keeper of the saloon within which he got drunk shall share in his responsibility. No man should have a right for the sake of money to convert another into a madman, and having turned him out on society, to say, of whatever offense in his madness he commits, "My hands are clean!" If a man isn't responsible for the crime he commits when drunk, he is, at least, responsible for getting drunk. The man who deprives himself of reason and thereby reduces himself to a condition wherein he is liable to the commission of any sort of crime should be regarded as a subject for punishment, or at least for safekeeping, and to be cured of bodily and mental disease, and the keeper of the saloon as equally guilty, morally without doubt.

Those who create the poverty of the country should be made to bear their part of its burden. The remedy is in our own hands. The health, happiness, morality, and welfare of posterity are in our own hands. We can strike the cup of fire from the drunkard's lips; we can loose the poor souls fast found in fetters they have forged for themselves.

Let everyone feel that the success of life depends in part upon him or her.

Sixty-five thousand lives are annually destroyed by intemperance, sixty-five thousand lives offered in annual sacrifice at the hideous shrine of this devil.

Death is bitter enough under any circumstances. However happy and fortunate we are in this world's holdings, the memory of

the loss we have sustained will throw on life's brightest scenes the cold shadow of a cloud. Over how many of these sixty-five thousand deaths is there a mourning that has no comfort? The drunkard's legacy is sorrow and disgrace. Neither words nor tears can sound its depths of degradation and woe.

We talk of war. What is war as compared with that? Give me her bloody bed; bury me and mine in a soldier's, rather than in a drunkard's, grave. See the pitiful procession. Innocent children gone to their death through cold and hunger. Coffin lids closed over broken-hearted parents. Women weeping for womanhood lost—remorse gnawing like a vulture at the vitals. Shattered wrecks that once were men now palsied of hand and shriveled of limb, their life's tide ebbing low, their last days hedged about with privation and despair, ruined homes, posterity disgraced. They become derelicts, to be tossed to and fro on a shoreless sea.

If you make a saloon-keeper rich and happy and yourself poor and miserable by blowing in your money and ruining your stomach, it's up to you to take your medicine, not the saloon-keeper; every act is followed by its consequence.

Mother Nature won't stand for foolishness nor will she allow personal accounts to be charged to the other fellow.

National reform is first personal reform, and that which we are we tend to make those about us.

"Our deeds shall travel
With us from afar,
And what we have been
Makes us what we are."

Oh, young men, if you would not wreck your prospects for this life and that which lies beyond the stars and the angels, shun intemperance as you would the presence of the traditional Devil.

HABITS

WILL YOU PAY THE PRICE?

James Whitcomb Riley was once asked the basis of his success. He answered, "Dig, dig, dig." He was right. We must study and work to find the true essence of life, to become developed, thinking things in the true sense of the term. The finest piece of land would give forth no harvest if not for cultivation. All teaching is wasted energy that does not result in practice, and results may be expected only through a union of effort, in example and practice by the teacher and the student.

I once knew a man who had suddenly become rich by a lucky find of a silver mine, and of course he must make as big a showing as his rich brother. Therefore, he must have a library and a fine one too. When about to make his purchases he was shown

into a large bookstore, and as he gazed at the mammoth shelving filled with finely bound books, he was amazed at the beautiful bindings, the pretty colors; and he began his trading by saying, "I'll take twenty feet this way and fifteen feet the other way." He was buying a library by the yard.

So it is with many men; the fine library, in many cases, is simply a showroom of pretty covers. They have an idea that they can buy education, art, and the sciences by the yard, and they prove it by dress and show.

Intellectual advancement cannot be made in this way, and these are the people generally who are the disgruntled and disappointed ones of earth.

A youth goes to a wise man and says, "Sell me some of your knowledge." Can he purchase it by the piece or measure? No, not a bit of it. Knowledge is gained only by being true to your better self, the moral promptings of the inner soul; by thought and study and work and work. Greedy reading and continual thinking are the necessary elements of power for intellectual graduation. Man develops little at a time, line upon line, precept upon precept, repetition and then again repetition, and everything we learn is as nothing unless we live according to what we have learned. By devotion to our aims and objects erelong we graduate. It is the only way. The higher comprehension of the better things of life comes only through the development of the intellect, the perceptive and

reflective faculties, the moral and religious sentiments. These better and purer gifts cannot be purchased with gold. It is a matter of developing thought-power, of gradually growing out of the darkness of ignorance into the sunlit fields of knowledge and truth.

"To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtile thoughts, nor even to found a school, but to so love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust.

"It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically, but practically."

—Thoreau.

MUSIC

Life is a serious affair, yet not an unhappy one if lived right and made useful. It should not be treated as a trivial thing; the very fact of our being carries with it a responsibility, and we become strong and useful through the exercise of every faculty of the mind. The soul grows in beauty and in splendor by the development of the higher sensibilities.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO

It is just as necessary to know what not to do as what to do. Habits are both good and bad. First of all, avoid dissipation, fun, and

frolic. Don't let your time nor your health go up in smoke; be a man and not a "good fellow." For recreation let your mind turn to the higher and better class of entertainment—music, song, art, the drama, literature, the opera, the play; and the greatest of these is music.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.
Mark the music."
—Shakespeare.

GET THE HABIT

Cultivate the love of music, learn to sing, learn to play some instrument. Music is in every soul; it needs only developing. With music a cheery friend accompanies us wherever we may journey. Music gives courage on life's rough highway. Music refines the home and draws the family together in tender sentiments of reverence and aspiration.

Music stirs the soul, develops the imaginative faculty, and unfolds the mental vision to the highest ideals of character and to a nobler life. Music inculcates the love of all that's beautiful. Music awakens heroic virtues and

arouses in the sluggish breast enthusiasm. Music makes the heart tender, banishes clouds, cheers the faint and weary, smooths the passage to the grave.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things; if men had ears,
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.
—Byron.

Music gives a distinctive force in social ranks and makes of man or woman a cheery, welcome guest. Music!—without its divine power human life would fade away and men become automatons, heartless and cold. Ye gods, take from me what you will, but leave me music, song, and I am happy. Cultivate the divine habit of music, and life may be a sweet song.

By clean living you may be surrounded by delightful pleasures anywhere and everywhere. Life itself is one vast wonderland of never-ceasing unfolding beauty.

No man, however great he may have been, but has been weakened by vice or bad habits. Life is made up of habits. Good habits are just as easily cultivated as bad ones, if you only begin right. Thoughts or acts repeated become habits, and habits form character. Good habits are necessary to a good body as well as to a good mind. A bad habit is like a weak link in a chain, and the individual as a whole is no stronger than his weakest habit;

so, to make an organism perfect and to have that organism enjoy the most perfect, successful life, you must use material—that is, habits—of the most select and enduring quality.

TO YOUNG MEN

Young man, you are about to launch your ship on a vast unknown main, beware of the mirages which only deceive. Do not mistake the false for the real. Do not delude yourself with the idea that any sort of a vice is justified or shielded by a virtue.

You must learn that every faculty and every talent is in your own care and keeping for life's success and continued happiness. You must know that to understand yourself and to control yourself, your appetites and passions, is the first requisite for a successful and harmonious life. All those who journey in paths of dissipation, ignorant living, and ugly doing will sooner or later find themselves in the bogs and swamps of a ruined life, crying in the darkness, "Merciful God, turn back Thy universe and give us yesterday."

See the wrecks all about us. Stroll for a few blocks about the main business streets of any city; study the faces and wretchedness of the besotted outcasts, and you may see depravity in all its hideousness. Forms which once were men, now bearing upon their faces expressions of disappointed expectation,

thwarted hopes and misery, depicting in every look a wretched existence.

I want to tell you that hell forever waits to engulf the thoughtless victims of wrong living,—not a hell in some faraway world, but in this one, here and now. Contracted skulls, dormant brains, people who do not think, who follow the promptings of their baser selves, are the makers and constructors of their own hell.

What a priceless gift or blessing a little old-age sense would be to a boy if he could only get it!

THE DRINKING HABIT

Whisky drinking, as a beverage, is needless and useless. It creates appetites and mocks the meat it feeds upon.

First stage: Foolish and unnecessary; a breeder of vile thoughts and evil ways.

Second stage: Funny, ridiculous, idiotic; a laughing-stock for foolish men, a piteous object for barking dogs.

Third stage: Debauching and destructive; misery and death.

An appetite grows on the filthy garbage it feeds upon.

HABITS!

TOBACCO

Smoking defiles the body, blunts the edge of refinement, and destroys the judging sense. In parlor, club, and lodgeroom, smoking is the personification of selfishness, and just take a look at the man who chews—eh!

First stage: A smart boy, sick and silly, a sorrow to parents.

Second stage: An imaginary cultivated pleasure; on the road to ruin.

Third stage: A nervous wreck, fetid breath, palsied hand; in many instances native refinement and chivalry destroyed.

GAMBLING

Card-playing for fun is "much ado about nothing." It's a leader toward evildoing and the shores of despair; to say the least, it's a waster of precious time. Playing or gambling for money is getting something for nothing; it ruins both the robber and the robbed.

LUST

First stage: Destroys the man, forms the beast.

Second stage: A wrecker of virtue, a destroyer of the home, and in the end a dishonored grave.

DRUGS

Only thoughtless or very foolish people use drugs and narcotics except under the most careful advice of a skilled physician.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against
the strength of youth;
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from
the living truth;
Cursed be the sickly forms that err from
honest nature's rule;
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened
forehead of the fool.

—Tennyson.

OPPORTUNITY

By Walter Malone

They do me wrong who say I come no more.
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can."
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?

Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

In answer to my request for permission to publish this truthful poem, I received the following reply:

Memphis, Tenn., September 13th, 1912.

My dear Mr. Meakin:

Certainly, use the lines if you desire. I enclose a correct copy of "Opportunity."

Truly yours,

(Signed) Walter Malone.

THE HABIT OF IDLENESS

The habit of idleness—beware of it. Idleness relaxes the fibers of the mind, overstrings the nerves, evaporates the spirit, saddens the soul, dulls the fancy, and stupefies a man to such a degree that he actually dies for want of thought. He is terrified at the chimeras conjured up by his own morbid imagination.

Nature has made a law against laziness which has never been annulled. Pride, conceit, and prejudice often lead to laziness. Some regard work as a disgrace. The son of an honest father is ashamed of his father's occupation; he wants to live in a more respectable way, as he is pleased to term the way of silly styles and idleness.

Some talk of doing work that is beneath them. The indignity you should shirk is that of doing nothing.

You will never find anything good enough for you unless you take what you can get.

Menial labor means labor with a mean soul behind it. Far better is the laborer's soiled hand, with a clean soul, than the white hand of the idler with an unclean soul behind it.

Character is not cheapened because your duties are those of the kitchen, the mine, the carpenter bench, or as a section hand, a barber, a street cleaner, a conductor, a clerk,

or a washerwoman. What would the world do without them? Nor is character ennobled because you have a large bank account, or sit behind mahogany desks. There are men in coal mines with souls as white as snow, and there are men in mansions with souls as black with sin as the miner's face with coal dust. The one has the dirt on his face; the other on his soul.

Don't be afraid of losing "your friends" through being employed or engaged in any honest work. Should you lose a so-called friend through making an honest living and doing the best you can, in any kind of honest work, be thankful for the loss. He or she was not your friend, but a burden of mistrust and hypocrisy. You did not know him then, but he is now a man you know.

Abraham Lincoln loved the common people. I suppose the term "common people" is applied to those who work. He said he knew God loved them because He made so many of them.

Society is like pie: there are the upper and lower crusts; but the real substance is between.

The noblest soul the world ever saw appeared, not in the ranks of the indolent or as an aristocrat, "but took upon himself the form of servant," and when He washed His disciples' feet, it meant something not very generally understood to-day. Honor or dishonor does not arise from our employment. Act nobly your part and a nobler man than

yourself does not exist. Avail yourself of opportunities as they come; they will prove stepping-stones to higher and better things.

It is better to be a tree than a hitching-post. A garden is of more worth than a museum or a curiosity shop.

If you can't get what you want, want what you can get, and want it well, or you won't do it well.

The plow, the ax, the spade, and the hoe, in honest service, are a more beautiful possession than the mailed coat and the sword.

EXTRAVAGANCE

Then there is the habit of extravagance. There is a needless expenditure of money on dress for the purpose of display, for no one thinks more of you for being arrayed in purple and fine linen. Your style of dressing is the index to your mind. When you dress beyond your means, you are extravagant. As a consequence what effort to seem rather than to be, what aping of others, what living beyond incomes, what parting of company with self-respect, with independence, sometimes with conscience and honesty; all the embitterment and crushing care, not infrequently the utter ruin of those whose sole aim in life is to outshine their fellows!

The man of means is often regarded by his family as a sponge to be squeezed, a goose to be plucked, a stream to be drained

without diminishing its flow. Perhaps he resists these drafts, but the pumps are set going, and what man can withstand the tyranny of tears? He yields, but the end is near; bankruptcy stares him in the face. Selfish villain! cries the crowd. Others express pity for his family; perhaps if they knew more they would pity him. Now, be manly and womanly; set your face like a flint against extravagance; lop off your superfluities, put that which you do not need today aside as a reserve against illness and old age; be prudent and economical.

TO BE A MAN

THE SECRET

Having pointed out some of the obstacles to success and some of the roads leading onward and upward, let us sum up the qualities necessary for success.

These are intelligence, courtesy, and perseverance; and, we must add, honor in meeting your debts and obligations.

The secret of success is a strict adherence to a scrupulous integrity. I grant that now and then a good man fails and a bad man seem to succeed; but as a rule, the martyred saints are a handful as compared with the martyred sinners.

Integrity wins. Avoid all trickery and deception; do all things open and aboveboard. Let your actions be transparent and your veracity unimpeachable.

Keep your heart clean, and your hands will keep themselves. Petty acts of meanness are the same in principle as the most gigantic frauds.

Keep a tender conscience, and it will keep you. Let purity clothe you in a spotless robe. Let your tongue have no doubleness.

In social and domestic matters, be sincere.

Do not practice yourself that which you condemn in others.

Tennyson wrote:—

"Self-reverence,
Self-knowledge,
Self-control.
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

A MAN:

IN THE HIGHER SENSE

A man is neither civilized nor educated until, under the light of reason, he is interested in every good cause and ready to espouse it.

Not until he recognizes in every man a brother and in every woman a sister. Not until he knows how to be a friend, and thus make and hold friends.

Not until he is honest and his word is as good as his bond.

Not until he can see something in the world beyond dollars and cents.

Not until he is master of himself, his appetites and passions.

Not until he can look beyond the stars and wonder at the wonders of the universe. Not until he can appreciate God's handiwork in everything.

Not until he knows enough to claim a relationship with God and stand ever ready to augment the sum of human happiness.

Not until he can look with reverence and with wonderment at the miracle of birth.

Not until there is sunshine in his soul, and no hatred in his heart.

Not until he knows

"There are tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything."

MANHOOD ACHIEVED

A man is honest in all things.

He knows it is better to be wrong according to the judgment of others, and think for himself, than be right by allowing others to think for him.

He knows that human life is very like a tree, its growth is upward toward the light.

He allows all men to be all things unto him:—it's their right; he retains selfhood.

He knows that to be blessed with more talents than his brother places upon him the responsibility and accords him the pleasure of extending a kindly helping hand to the ones less favored. He holds aloft the torch of reason and in manly confidence beckons his weaker brothers out of the morass of error into the sunlit fields of eternal truth.

He knows that mind is vaster than the earth, therefore he must be true to his higher and better self, which is divine.

He knows that being a man means the highest attainment possible in life—a man!

He is cognizant of the fact that he who begs, bows, and cringes to his fellows, in so doing, exchanges highest values for things of no value.

He lives without fear of any sort or shape, because while shielded by an armor of truth and righteousness there is nothing to fear.

He is not a sycophant, a favor-seeker, nor a hypocrite.

He has outgrown the words "Master and Servant"—they have no meaning to him, as commonly applied between man and man.

He knows that a man of real character is a just man, and therefore cannot be a failure; he senses that a life of service is redemption in itself—though personally he be compelled to die in a hovel.

He is slow to condemn, and when clamor fills the air he is watchful and prudent; he does not run with, nor echo the ravings of, thoughtless people—he looks with pity rather than blame at the mistakes and frailties of his fellows.

His influence is felt for good at home, on the street, in business circles, and in public places, wherever he may go.

He is genial and kind and ever faithful to his trusts, whether of a public or private character. He being a man, death is preferable to dishonor. He has no superiors nor inferiors—he's just a man, and he knows a king can be no more. He is prompt in keeping a promise because he is an active believer in the Golden Rule.

He stands erect in honor and craves more than bread and sleep. He is in love with life and he works and hopes for every man, including himself.

GOD AND RELIGION

(Quoted from poem, "God the Author of Nature," by William Cowper, born 1731, died 1800.)

There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God;
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer
forms,
That cultivation glories in, are His.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter may not
pass,
And blunts its pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. One spirit—His.

Everything in science, in philosophy, and in theology points to the One. It matters not how diversified they seem to be, it is forever the same—a unit.

Every human being is naturally religious. Individual egotism, ignorance, conceit, and bigotry, growing out of our differences of opinion, are the causes of the unrest and trouble in our religious life.

One must live in a higher realm than the one made of earth to be a real man.

I would cling to the hope of a life beyond this earthly career, and ever hold to the thought of eternal progression, remembering that the life spiritual will live and survive while the life physical shall crumble and break into dust. Religious faith or real religion is not declining.

The church loses its membership, and the man in the pulpit and the deacon at once decide that religion (faith, hope, friendship, truth, and goodness) is dying.

The "copyright" on religion is declining, —running out, as it were,—not religion.

To be a man should be the main object in life, first, last, and all the time; this is real religion. The record of such is all there is worthy of recording. This can be achieved without any special creations of men. Man-created societies and institutions may help or assist in the construction of men, but these societies and institutions are not the thing itself, not first in life. It's man only who issues a copyright.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be,

They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Religion should not consist of swallowing unbelievable stories told by superstitious and ignorant men.

The way to have more real belief in religion is to replace "goblin" stories by sensible stories.

Parents who are anxious to develop honest manhood in their sons will not insist on the boys' believing that which the ordinary sense of the parents refuses to accept. If they do insist, then they are simply building other hypocrites.

If a boy has the inclination to read, let him read, but be sure to lead him into realms of thought; let him gain knowledge in his reading. To make him a thinker is the thing to do.

To stop a boy eating green apples he should be given ripe ones.

Just because a religious system of the past is old, is no argument for its continuation. We neither think, see, nor develop alike. We are all of us at different stages of evolution; every man believes as he sees mentally, and every interpretation is true to the man who

interprets. Humanity is climbing slowly toward the light.

"The savage that can scarce count four
Worships a God that knows no more."

Forms, creeds, ceremonies, and rituals must change. To change and advance is the order of the universe. It is God's way. Hope, firm-footed on an intellectual base, gives to us the eternal now. Eternity as much so now as in ages past and ages yet to be.

Everyday life is a factor in our personality, and in our spirituality if we will only take advantage of every hour, in our training toward a higher destiny, we move onward as we gain in knowledge.

Religion is a personal private concern, each in his own tongue; a reasoning man will never claim a right but that he will accord a similar right to his fellows.

Tennyson exclaims in "In Memoriam":

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God."

It is a never ending battle for the liberation of thought and its expression to grow out from the bondage of ignorance, superstition, and bigoted men. As mental vision increases by clearing the windows of the soul, superstition decreases.

It is a good idea to develop the soul,—or in other words, enhance its value, here and now, before worrying to any extent about saving it.

Real, true, and helpful religion is an inspiration from all the forces, physical, mental, and spiritual; and to grow into a manly life there must be and there must exist a close relationship of every faculty of mind and body, each in harmony and in active operation one with the other.

Mentality,—the resources of the human being, for health, happiness, mental, and spiritual unfoldment are enormous, but these must be studied, learned, and lived for to be made available and they cannot, in the pursuance of a well-rounded life, be divorced one from the other.

The prayer of Socrates: "Oh! Beloved Pan, and all ye other Gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatsoever outer things I possess, may be at peace with those within. May I have such store of gold as only the wise may bear, or employ."

The inner soul of religion, love of God and fellow-man, is in developing the unseen spirit, in seeking deeper things than things external. The religion of the future will embrace life and living, love and liberty, purity of purpose, intellectual manhood, permeated with spiritual growth, joy, and gladness. It will mean the welfare of humanity here on earth.

Mind and conscience, truth and goodness, are as necessary factors in human nature as the desire for food or for anything that money can buy, and if we would be real men, these higher attributes should have authority over our physical appetites and passions.

Honesty, veracity, justice, self-sacrifice, and good will are not decorations tacked on man, but they constitute the real man himself, and these are the leaven in the soul of things giving expression to the moral or developed spiritual life within the man physical.

As to forms and ceremonies and details pertaining to an imaginary world after this one, these things can only be decided by every man for himself. Every man's right to his belief, or to what he terms "his religion," is mine, and should be yours to defend.

Every man has a right to believe that which he believes, religiously or politically, and whether he be right or wrong, if he really believes that which he claims to believe, it can be helped only by the process of thinking.

We cannot help believing that which we honestly believe. Some men say, "Believe and be saved." I prefer, "Behave and be saved"; religion should mean the way of living, growing into a good character.

It's a matter of grade—it's us to you, Mr. Man.

If you have a so-called religion that bows your head and gives you the life and spirit of a culprit—as though skulking down a

dark alley, trembling like a coward, wasting your time on your knees in fear, praying for mercy, you had better lift up your head, get up, and get out of the alley. Let the dead past bury its dead. Go into the open and get a religion of sunshine and outgrow the past.

As the drop said to the rill:

"I'll help you and you help me—
We'll make a brook and run to the sea."

Our conception of God, and where or in what form we worship, is a matter of grade, education, or of the development of brain cells. The confusion in life is not caused by many gods, it is of many minds and differing lips in many men.

If rightly understood, the whole of life is a source of joy and inspiration, and rest assured if you cannot find God in the knowable things of everyday life, you cannot find Him or religion at church on Sunday.

A GOOD RELIGION

Live to-day up to the very best that is in you, or to that which you know.

To-morrow you will have more in you to live up to, and you will know more. Use your own brain every day—that's what you have it for—it will work if you give it a chance.

Each day you may increase your power and knowledge, until you become perfect in manhood.

Such living makes for our own good and for the bettering of men all about us.

"I walk in the radiant glory of a newborn golden day,
As full of calm fresh sunshine as the cloudless skies of May,
And my steps are light as zephyr, for my hope is bright as morn,
And the glow of the day shall brighten in the light that is yet unborn."

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

—James i, 27.

"In my Father's house are many mansions," and Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you." But it is well for all of us to understand we must prepare ourselves for the place.

Do not criticise unkindly an artist or a sculptor upon his unfinished works. Be a man and a broad enough thinker not to judge the Creator by His undeveloped children. We have been sent here to develop, to expand, to grow into God-life.

Man is only a tiny atom in the immensity of an unfathomable world, yea, worlds upon

worlds, and man retards his progress and blinds his mental vision by vanity and hypocrisy.

Life, and what we term death, and the vast forever, are but parts of an infinite plan, and man is simply a part of the stupendous whole. The whole of creation is both beautiful and wonderful. Only weak or undeveloped minds are afraid to live or afraid to die.

SCATTERED LEAVES AND FALLING FRUIT

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green with youth, now withering on
the ground;
Another race the following Spring supplies—
They fall successive, and successive rise.
—Homer.

We may naturally sorrow at the death of the young; premature death is disaster, like the flower broken at the stem ere it is fully grown, or as the tree fallen before it has reached mature development, or in other words, before the mission of life is complete; yea, we may bow our heads in sorrow at these things. It is, however, unnatural, injurious to the living, and the dead know it not; it is simple folly to weep and wail when at the proper time and season, Death, the brother of Sleep, calm and peaceful, comes like a benediction to the aged man and woman when having

reached the end of the journey on life's rough and uneven road, happy, yet tired, and in need of rest,—surely, there is no need of weeping.

"When our work is done, 'tis best,
Brothers, best, that we should go.
I am weary, let me rest;
I am weary, lay me low."

In the joyous spring we are filled with regrets when we see the leaves scattered and strewn, the unripened fruit fall, even the falling makes a dismal sound; but when in the autumn the harvest is ready for the reaping, the blessings are mellowed, the leaves are golden and brown, and the night shades are falling in purple twilight. It is but natural for the fruit to fall, the leaves to wither, and as they gently fall, one by one, to the bosom of Mother Earth, the gentle rustle of the leaves, the hushed falling of the fruit, is simply Nature's own sweet song,—every sound contributing its part to a delightful, harmonious melody.

This message, however, is not so much for those who remain and mourn, as it is for all of us while living, whether in golden youth or in the full strength of years. So that we may learn by our thought and by our reason that every heart-beat, every breath in each day and year, is hurrying the footsteps of each of us, at rapid pace, nearer and nearer the Fall of the year, the reaping time.

"When all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of the strife
Slow rounding into calm."

My love and hope is sent out to the living present, in all earnestness, to urge my brothers and sisters, men and women, not to neglect the kindly word, the loving deed, and the giving of the little flower here and now, while loved ones can hear and enjoy, see and appreciate, catch the perfume and breathe into the very soul the sweetness and tenderness of the flowers of love.

I would admonish all to remove from the mind the unfounded fear of what is called "death." The going out of this life is just as natural as being born into it, and may be better for us than the coming into it. At any rate, it cannot be worse; so don't be afraid to take a chance when your time comes. Fear is man's deadliest foe! There never was, there never will be a Hell, except of our own creating. Fear is Hell. The question of this thing life, and whence comes it, has been asked from the beginning of time, and if there be a master of the show, He has not explained. We must grow, and the question is in itself solved.

Scientists have exhausted their best energies in an effort to comprehend life and produce it, but their demonstrations have only proved that it cannot be made, even in the world's most wonderful laboratories. We

know that there must be an infinite force flowing like a current through all the myriad forms of life, and we as human beings pass from one experience to another. To weep over the dead past—our errors or mistakes—robs us of the joys of the present and curtails our possibilities of the future.

Life cannot be destroyed or extinguished. It is one never-ending change, a ceaseless and beautiful panorama. "God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold."

This indisputable and ever-visible fact gives to every thinking personality a peaceful serenity and an assured security irrespective of the questions of whence and whither, whether the light or the darkness will prevail.

When we have enlarged our mental and moral vision, the ghosts and goblins of fear and superstition will have gone into oblivion. Ignorance is a limiting factor, remove it. Let the boundary of thought be as limitless as the shores of time.

SOCRATES

By Arthur Guiterman

If Death be Sleep, is rest a thing to fear?
If Death be Life, 'tis all that man holds dear.
So we must part, my Crito, thou and I,
Thy doom it is to live, and mine to die;
Which fate is best? Ah, that is known
To him who ruleth Fate,—to God alone.

GOD IS LOVE, AND LOVE IS OF GOD

It is not my purpose to criticise nor to attempt to disprove anyone's belief nor to intrude any belief of mine upon anyone else. My one aim is to point the way to higher and nobler ideals, to more reasonable conceptions with clearer thinking and better living, mentally and morally—mankind must read life each for himself.

God is love and love is of God.—Stop quarreling. The glibness with which people talk about God is in keeping with their egotism and ignorance. Man is mortal. He has defined the Infinite in childish language and in ignorant terms of the finite. Because he is finite, he cannot conceive nor perceive in its entirety the Infinite Power of light and life, —God.

Man debating the unanswerable question of the first cause or of God, the great unseen power or invisible force, back, in, and through this and millions of other worlds, is so ridiculous that, if such be possible, it becomes blasphemous. There is nothing more unbecoming than to carry on such a contention. It is, to say the least, the silliest thing in the category of silly things, that little finite man can be engaged in.

Poetess Wilcox says in her great poem:

"I AM

"Cease wondering why you came,
Stop looking for faults and flaws,
Rise up to-day in your pride and say,
I am part of the First Great Cause.

"However full the world,
There is room for an earnest man,
It had need of me or I would not be.
I am here to strengthen the plan."

Alice Cary, the beautiful American poetess —a divine soul—sang this song:

"To find some sure interpreter
My spirit vainly tries;
I only know that God is love
And know that love is wise."

Tennyson wrote beautifully:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

We have wasted precious lives and precious time in quarreling and warring over poor, weak human conceptions of God.

Mr. A describes his conception as to form,

shape, and attributes, and Mr. B describes his.

Mr. A at once becomes very angry and calls Mr. B very ugly names because Mr. B differs in opinion.

Mr. A proclaims with great gusto that his neighbor Mr. B doesn't believe in a God, which it seems in Mr. A's estimation makes an awful difference to God and the world.

The truth of the matter very probably is, Mr. B does not believe in a God of Mr. A's conception.

Mr. B and Mr. A both believe in God. All men are a part of God, and God loveth all men. And all men love and believe in God, though there may be a wide divergence in their mortal perceptions.

Conceit and prejudice are the twin demons in strutting man.

"Know thou thyself, presume not God to scan:
The proper study of mankind is Man."

NO UNBELIEF

By Edward Bulwer Lytton

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's fields of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down in his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts the power alone
He dares not to disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
Who dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
God knoweth why.

LOVE

God is mysteriously precious and sublime, and when we have developed ourselves high enough in the scale of intelligence and reason to quit our trading in God and religion, we shall have higher ideals, purer worship, and a happy and peaceful humanity, rejoicing in and enjoying all of God's blessings of life, earth, and heaven.

Love is an attribute of Divinity, and the sweetest sentence ever written is that which says, God is Love.

Coleridge's lines are very appropriate:

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast,
He liveth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

OVER THE TRANSOM

The pretty story of a mother sending her boy to ascertain whether or not the father was in his study is appropriately illustrative

of the thought I would send forth. The father was a literary worker and his duties often called him into the midnight hour.

At the request of the mother the boy ran down the hallway and quickly returned with the glad message, "Yes, Father's there."

The mother asked, "Did you see him?" The boy answered, "No, I didn't see him, but I know he's there." The mother still questioned, "How do you know?" The boy replied, "I saw the light over the transom."

We have only to look, to know that God is there—yea, everywhere. We may all of us, if we will, see the light over the transom.

LOVE AND PEACE

When love permeates the soul and controls the life of man, he then lives in harmony with the higher elements of human life, in a sphere where natural peace dwells which passeth understanding.

It is then a simple thing to live and love, not to envy, not to behave selfishly; easier to smile than to frown at injury. It gives strength of mind not to be easily provoked—and courage to bear all things that may come to us, even in the midst of chaotic evil.

The kingdom of God is at hand; if we live it, it is ours, anywhere and everywhere. The kingdom of God means developed souls of purity and enlightenment. It is not a place but a state of mind.

No man has to seek God and happiness in the service of humanity. It is in itself essential happiness and the highest liberty.

These need no adornment, no reward. They are in and of themselves, the inner depths of the soul,—the thing itself.

As to forms and ceremonies, books and creeds, business and big membership:

"Know this, that every soul is free
To choose his life and what he'll be.

"Intelligence and reason make us men,
Take away these,—what are we then?"

Without intelligence there can be no manhood; without freedom men are but slaves, and without reason the creature man is but an animal.

Let us stop our bickerings. It is enough for us to recognize the power which gives us the refined guiding conscience, the sober reason, the love and constancy of a mother, the dimpled smile of a babe, the honest handclasp of a friend, the delicate tints and the perfume of the flowers, the sunlight of heaven, the rainbow of hope, and this beautiful world as a whole. These things all whisper to us of an invisible power. We may call the source from whence these blessings flow—God, and God is love.

John, the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ, after many years of study under the best masters, stated repeatedly, God is Love.

Jesus said, "A new commandment I give unto you,—that ye love one another." Love one another,—this is a universal statute of three words which was the test made by Jesus, for He added, "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples,—if ye love one another." This loving man from Nazareth was surely a fraternalist. He begged His way from place to place and exclaimed in tones of anguish, "The birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

We read that He performed a miracle for the feeding of the multitude who were hungry. He said, "Feed the hungry." Not the worthy hungry, not the organized hungry, not the pagan hungry, not the Christian hungry, not the clean hungry, but just—feed the hungry.

Jesus Christ loved His brothers—all of them. He lived in the Kingdom of God.

Love must lead for human needs.

"Behold, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God" (I John iv, 7).

"To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence" (Sydney Smith).

"If we love one another God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us" (I John v, 12).

"The wealth of a man is in the number of things which he loves and blesses" (Carlyle).

"The heart is not a treasury that is impoverished by giving, but a power which is

strengthened and enriched by loving" (E. Charles).

"Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into reason is the beating of a loving heart" (Beecher).

Love alone is life, love which means brotherhood all around, and justice forms the circle.

Civilization is as an empty shell without love—love of life, and life is only found in love.

Love is life's end! an end, but never ending;
All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;
Love is life's wealth, (ne'er spent, but ever spending),
More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
Love's life's reward, rewarding in rewarding;
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove;
Ah! shouldst thou live but once love's sweets to prove,
Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love.

—Spenser.

The loving, true, and earnest man looks in awe and wonderment at this majestic world; surrounded by millions of worlds he sees God in everything, first in men's eyes, then in earth, in forests, in mountains, in rivers, in seas, and in babbling brooks. He looks be-

yond the stars and from the depths of his soul wells forth the song:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Heaven is where God is, and God lives and dwells in the hearts of men. His kingdom is at hand,—not in some far-away time and place, but here, in the eternal now, in the minds of the people, in humanity; and as we advance in knowledge, love, and truth, the nearer Heaven we bring ourselves. Unless a man lives and loves he is both lost and lonely all the days of his life. To be saved is to love and be loved.

TWO MYSTERIES

By Mary Mapes Dodge

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, tho' we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain;
This dread to take our daily way and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us "What is Life?"—not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say,—those vanished ones,—
and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! tho' we
may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery
of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery
of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with
knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little
children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God
is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to
the dead.

(This beautiful poem, "The Two Mysteries," is taken from a little book, "Poems and Verses," by Mary Mapes Dodge, and is used by special permission of James M. Dodge.)

THINK—POINTS

Manly life, or what we term civilization, with all its hideousness, is not a failure, but it is evidently in its early stages of development. We cannot tell when or where or at what degree of attainment the first spark of divine life began in this creature man, neither can we fathom his destiny; it is enough to know that every phase of human life moves on and on into higher realms of happiness in the world within ourselves.

The first question an individual should ask is, "How can I grow toward manhood?" I am sure you will find these pointers useful. Use them!

Progression is salvation; non-progression is stagnation—death. During the unfolding or the building process of the race which has taken millions of years, and will take millions more, there are all kinds in the growing; so be prepared for any kind of experience, and be surprised at nothing. Keep yourself clean and pure, and march on and on. Keep your honor bright, your conscience clear and in tune with the infinite, trust in God and yourself; think for yourself, let the consequences follow; but be sure you have a thinker in operation so that you may think. Remem-

ber, you are what someone else tells you to be, unless you think it over yourself. Life is what you make it, and it is especially what you think it. The world is badly in need of thinkers.

THINK!

"The man who idly sits and thinks
May sow a nobler crop than corn,
For thoughts are seeds of future deeds,
And when God thought the world was born."

If you expect to lift your head above the mists and fogs of ordinary animal life into the intellectual life of art and learning, the more "don'ts" you hear from the crowd, the more you must do. Keep a-going. It is very often the things we shouldn't do, according to the other fellow's say-so, that seem to make life worth the living.

Set others a good example, by living square with your better self; live your own life and be as true as the compass in whatever direction you may sail.

In your upward climb, do not confound critics with knockers; there is not one in a thousand of the former, but there are millions of the latter. Safest way—cut 'em all out.

Admonish your family and your friends to never repeat to you any unkind chatter given

out by thoughtless people or by a thoughtless press, which means the same.—Such stuff only retards your progress.

Never listen to and avoid reading any story containing the elements of abuse and vilification of yourself, or your fellow man. It is poison to your soul. Don't take it. If you do, the devil has a laugh coming, and it's on you.

Most newspapers aim to make each edition a clamorous one. They must give the people what they want, or what it is supposed they want; not what they ought to have; the penny is the thing. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

No man can avoid being a sinner if the judgment of the crowd is to be accepted as evidence. The world is overrun with self-appointed judges. You will waste precious time if you stop to explain.

Never run or shout with a mob. A mob never thinks, hence it is never right. There is no crime that can justify the act of a mob, and there is no mob that can be justified by the commission of a crime.

Be courageous and noble-minded; our own heart-promptings and not other men's opinions form our lives.

Do not for a moment imagine that everybody has turned against you. This is a dangerous form of egotism. On life's journey one meets only a few persons of either what we may term the good or the bad, and we are neither bad enough nor good enough for everybody to play mean tricks upon us, or even to like us.

There are in America about one hundred million souls. Subtract 99,999,990 and the balance will give you about the number who have any interest in you whatever. Just think of the extensive field for development we have in our own country!

We recognize the fact that it is but little any man can do toward making this world a happier and better home for mankind to dwell in, and, having become fully convinced through experience and study that all of our difficulties, all of our troubles, and all of our misunderstandings are born and nurtured in our weaknesses, our ignorance and selfishness in and of man, it is a self-evident fact that those men who choose for their department of labor the foundation-work upon which the structure of civilization must rest, —namely, lifting up the fallen, cheering the discouraged, assisting in the development of a thinking, fraternal manhood—are not lauded by the crowd, not fêted in pomp and show, nor do they have "calls" to more lucrative

positions. For such men there are no special offerings. They were not called, they are natural, they had to be. Their "labor" is in the ranks, down among the people; it is plain and unvarnished, has no pretty colors. They are not heralded, nor held up to the gaze of the populace; they are as the foundation of a castle, a support of the whole structure of human living. Therefore, they are naturally unnoticed by hurrying, surging humanity—the great mass of men and women who journey carelessly on and on.

The singer is forgotten, only the song remains.

My brother, be good, be gentle and kind,
Let no one reap sorrow through you,
Then this world is heaven. Angels are here,
And conscience will pilot you through.

There may be tides in the affairs of men that if taken at the flood lead on to fortune, but there are no tides nor floods rushing on to fortune or glory in clean, honest manhood. These things are as a steady stream flowing gently on in our everyday life and all the time.

It is not reputation you should seek. This is a bauble, but character is necessary if you would be a man. Seek not glory; seek honor within yourself.

Public opinion is similar to a gas-filled balloon; with the smallest slit, real or imaginary, she comes down with a thud.

Opinion, the blind goddess of fools, foe
To the virtuous and only friend to
Undeserving persons.—Chapman.

Public clamor may be likened unto a full steamed locomotive, unmanned and running amuck, snorting, ripping, and tearing as it speeds on its awful way. Its terminal means destruction and death. He is a hero who can climb into the box and turn the switch.

Only small souls gossip and chatter. Big souls haven't time to waste on "much ado about nothing."

The conceited man has no reason for being so. Bed and board are all man can have in the physical world.

Never run in debt; if in debt you are in danger. No man can be sole proprietor of himself when in debt. You are owned by your creditors, hunted by wolf agents and collectors; angered by insulting letters. There is only one way to escape or to get even with your "owners"—pay your debts if it takes a lifetime, and discharge your "master" and be free.

When you see and read a big sign, "Your credit is good," don't you believe it; it's not so. Remember the ditty:

"Won't you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly." Well, you know what the spider said to the fly, don't you? Then keep out of debt.

DEVIL EPISTLES

Anonymous letters? Oh, yes, you'll receive them. The man who builds a character makes foes. Peevish people will buzz about you; let them not worry you; rid your mind, your hand, and your heart of all such things.

Take no interest in any man because he seems to be an enemy. Never recognize him or her as such. If you do, you are contributing to the foolishness. Never allow an undeveloped creature to trouble you.

To be a man embodies thought, reasoning, and reflective powers. To possess them and not use them, man is a fool to himself. To not possess them, he is a cipher.

POLITICS

The more absolutely sincere and conscientious a man may be, the more adverse the masses will be to him.

If one wishes to live in peace and render

real service to humanity, I would advise, do not seek public office.

In what is termed politics, it matters not how honest or sincere one may be, a man places himself in a position to be betrayed by those whom he thought were friends and men, to be called ugly names, and to be a target of abuse and vilification. Much of the environment is depressing in character and exceedingly bad on reputation. A man does not lose his power for good by confining his efforts to private life. It is not necessarily the man in the office who is the power; it is the good citizen, the thinker "behind the throne," who guides the ship. Only men who are cunning and devoid of sensitiveness, or those possessing the spirit and coarseness of a pugilist, can be very happy in politics.

Should a man go into political life for any other purpose than lower self—money, empty honors, baubles, etc., and continue to be true to the higher thought, he is surely on the road to sainthood, and for his manliness and devotion to his country he is deserving of the good will and the sympathy of the few thinkers in any country.

Two Years in Washington:

No man, it seems to me, after living in the shadow of the great dome of the Capitol for two years, hearing, seeing, reading and studying the lives and works of politicians, Senators, Congressmen, with other grades of office-seekers and office-holders, can avoid

having forced upon his mind the conclusion that "heart," "man to man," "humanity," "sentiment," and "higher thoughts" pertaining to questions of right and wrong, are in many cases secondary. The master thought seems to be "Down him," or "Down them"; it is, to say the least, too much man conquering man, and not enough "Come let us reason together."

The trouble with so many of our legislators is that they are afraid of their heads. Their actions are indicative of which they consider of highest value, "heads" or "duty"; they aim to retain their "heads."

Principles and honest convictions should be the forces, or the bases, back of public life, with truth, argument, and reason as the weapons of appeal and defense; in fact this should be the case in any arena of thought. To-day it is not so, but, to the contrary, individual abuse and vile language are the means used to advance one's interest in campaigns and in various avenues of our public life.

FAME

It is just as easy to draw conclusions as to the goodness and character of men from the abuse heaped upon them as it is to draw conclusions from the praise showered over them. The first is the safest rule.

Ideal men are generally found in the ranks of the abused and vilified. It is the way of the world—cannonade in life, canonize after death.

"With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man who makes a character makes foes;
Slight peevish insects 'round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes a world of flies.
With haughty malice, but with feeble wing,
They show they live, they flutter, and they sting;
But, as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruits, so these the fairest name."

It's great to be a detective, eh?

"Yes, greater than to be a king"—I guess so!

If we have catchers of men, we must have men to catch. It surely is very interesting to many persons to listen to or read the wonderful stories telling how many men (his brother men) the detective has sent over the road to prison. Personally I prefer to hear and read of how many men have been kept from going to prison by and through a brother man pointing a better and safer way for his brother man to travel, rather than to read of how many men we have been able to send "over the road" to hell.

Someone has said "All is fair in love and war." Nothing is fair only that which is

honest either in love or war, anywhere, or in anything.

If "Uncle Sam" would discharge one thousand of his detectives, spotters, and allurers, and in their stead put in the field one hundred teachers of true manhood, giving lessons in how to be men, the results would be gloriously beneficial and wonderfully economical.

Men, do your duty if it costs you your head, literally or figuratively. The valley of fear and humiliation is not yours to journey in if you act the man, if you do your duty. It is better to be a dead man than a live "scrub."

A thinking man is never tagged, he is master of himself, and his sunny face tells the story. The eye is the window in which is mirrored the soul of bond or free.

To be normal means life; to be abnormal means death; keep balanced or you lose out with every breath you draw.

This world is a very unhappy place for nearly everybody. If we cannot make everybody happy, we can at least help a few on the way.

There is only one safe way to go, and that's the honest way. The fatal step along the crooked path is the first step.

Go away from temptation and go fast, never mind who laughs; and should you lose your coat, you can easily get another coat.

Our language, or our vocabulary of words, tells of our breeding, and especially does it reveal our environment; associate or run with slangy hoodlums, and our conversation will jingle with the language of hoodlums.

KINDNESS

TRY IT

When "wealthy people," "special people," and "superior people" once learn and become cognizant of the fact that the "ordinary people" (human beings) deeply appreciate being spoken to or talked to, then these classes of "superior people" will surely speak the kindly word of greeting when they meet the "ordinary people" on life's highway by saluting with a "Good morning," "Hope you are well," success, happiness, etc. They will soon discover that such a simple action followed out in daily life on this line of investment will repay them tenfold, and thus open up an avenue, a source of happiness, to a genuine popularity never before dreamed of, to say nothing of the pleasure derived by "the ordinaries" spoken to, or of the good generally accruing from such kindnesses extended in everyday life to the "common people." Try it; it won't cost you a cent.

HOW ABOUT IT?

It is difficult to comprehend how "a Christian" can be a millionaire and remain such, and be happy in mind, when people all about

him are living in ignorance and squalor and are compelled to exist on a few cents a day. Christ wondered at such men and such living, and when a young man had enumerated his virtues to Him and asked, "What lack I yet?" Well, I would suggest that for the answer you read the twenty-first verse in the 19th chapter of St. Matthew. Bible.

Say, Mr. Master Foreman:

Have you ever tried bossing or directing your men with kind words mixed with an occasional smile? "Never, sir; no!" Well, I didn't think you had; it is not customary, I know. I wish you would try it even for one day, and then note the different atmosphere all about you, and just see how your "brothers" would accomplish things. Why, don't you know both master and man would be happy? Try it.

Heredity may have some influence in the making of a man, but environment is the important factor. A child nurtured and reared in a hovel of vileness, uncleanliness, low, vulgar, and depraved, will be very apt to live and remain on the level of the hovel, and no higher. Environment is the foundation of clean, pure, humane life.

In developing one's mental activities and in specialization on any phase or subject of life, do not at any stage imagine for a moment that you know it all. Avoid becoming

narrow, that it may not detract from the value of your knowledge, or from taking a broad view of testimony on all sides of every question.

One may know all that he is capable of holding, but it's the safest way not to be too positive of the other man's capacity.

Ignorance gives us the only darkness. When the darkness is dispelled there will be no slavery and no ignorance.

When men think as well as they work, then will be the dawning of a new day.

What is done for you, you must do it for yourself.

To all men be courteous, to all be polite,
A frank manly confidence show;
But remember, if always you wish to be right,
Don't "tie" to a man you don't know.

DO NOT CARRY FIREARMS!

Do you know that one cannot purchase a pistol or a deadly weapon without the thought of killing, and you cannot have a pistol in the house nor carry one on your person without it being a continuous suggestion of killing someone?—People generally find or get that which they are looking for in the line of trouble, and rest assured that erelong the devil, suggestion—through the darkened passageways of accident, impulse, discouragement, or intention—gets in its awful, deadly work, and the individual life becomes a physical ruin and a nervous wreck, cast away upon the stony shores of misery and despair without even the faintest hope of cheer or rescue.

If this devilish instrument of death is turned upon yourself by your own self, you rob yourself of what life itself holds most dear —human life. The result is an irreparable loss, for the life taken cannot be restored nor replaced, and for this crime of crimes against one's self you alone are responsible to your creator, your God.

Should you take the life of a fellow human being, intentionally or otherwise, irrespective of written laws or unwritten laws or the judgment of courts and men, you are forever after, in mind and in fact, a culprit with head bowed

in shame and sorrow, an outcast, a wanderer upon the earth, distorted in mind, with a conscience bereft of its sunshine and its calm; and wherever you may journey, on land or on sea, waking or sleeping, the pale, bony finger of accusation and remorse will be forever pointing at the wreck of your former self.

And in the words of Poe:

"Leave my loneliness unbroken,
Quit the bust above my door.
Take thy beak from out my heart,
And take thy form from off my door.
Quoth the Raven, Nevermore!"

"Thou shalt not kill."

It is better to be killed than to kill your fellow man.

If you do not want your boy to be a "gunman," a killer, why suggest it by giving him toy pistols, guns, etc., to play with? Suggestion and environment build either the good man or the gunman.

Parents, should your boys go wrong, do not have yourselves to blame for it.

We judge all things in nature by their appearance—the inner by the outer; therefore it is well to have a little scientific sense to be able to judge the grades as we meet or come in contact with them in life. Our study is

mankind. In man the face tells what a man has been. The head tells, to a very great extent, what he may be or what he might have been.

The spirit in the oak, or the life principle, is different or has a different expression from that in the willow or the hickory. The spirit of a dove cannot be found in the form of an alligator. The form of a bulldog contains the mental attributes of the bulldog's nature, and surely no one who has any thought power at all would think for a moment that the high forehead and intelligent eye of the shepherd dog is indicative of the malignant ferocity or the bloodthirstiness of the bulldog. As we are dealing with the different phases of the life principle in men and the various outward trappings, it is a useful thing to know them when we meet them.

It is right and good to like all men, but none too much. Help them to grow is what we should do.

Don't "tie" to a man with a loosely hung jaw, whose chin drops, mouth generally open; it's an indication of weakness—a weakling.

Do not make an intimate acquaintance of a man who has a roof-shaped head.

Do not trust your reputation nor your pocketbook with the man who trips on his

toes, or, in other words, walks like a cat on hot bricks.

There are two evil breeders in human life —namely whisky and wealth; both carry the disease known as "big-head."

With the first there is a hope that the "loon" may get sober; but with the latter, there is no hope.

Keep clear of the man who has a pear-shaped head inverted. See it as though hanging on a tree.

You will come to grief if you become very friendly with a man who shakes hands with you—"like that"—a living dead one.

Never make a confidant of a man who doesn't look you in the eye—a crooked mind, sure.

Do not waste your time with a man who continually boasts of his ancestors. It's a hundred to one that's all he has to boast of. It's a dead issue.

To be intoxicated either with whisky, wealth, or power, one is becoming a madman.

Remember:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Do not enter into argument with a stupid man; neither side is ever convinced, and all about you become ruffled. Undeveloped men do not reason; they call or shout ugly names.

In the race.

If Bill Bills gets ahead of you and you can pay only for what you have got and not for what you are getting, it's a bad handicap; it's ten to one against you on winning the race. Better stop getting.

The rumbling wheels of a truck on a pebbled road is better music and carries more good than an insincere prayer.

It matters not how authentic the priest or how eloquent and well printed the prayer, it is valueless unless the inner soul back of it is afire with enthusiasm and earnest truth.

It is said that the English grammar generously gives us twenty-six letters, which in combination form 690,313 words blended into sentences numbering to infinity.

If to believe that everybody but myself or my party will be damned is to be religious, then I'll be d—— if I believe it, and I am not religious.

If you have sunshine in your soul, you need but little wealth in your pocket.

If you weep, weep for the living.
If you seek heaven, seek it here on earth.

One cannot be a good egg and a bad egg at the same time.

Man is the only animal that drinks without being thirsty.

Place a plug of tobacco on a rock in the street and a four-legged pig will never touch it.

There are many men who are simply boarding with their wives.

Next in rudeness to the man who gives no heed when spoken to is he who fails to answer an answerable letter.

"To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting."—Burke.

There is only one way to succeed in life, and that is, to be honest with yourself, true to the inner consciousness of the real man within yourself, true to your neighbors in little things, whether in business or in the amenities of everyday life.

Patriotism:

Patriotism consists of a trinity of loves:—namely, love of home, love of truth, and love of country; cultivate, guard well, and blend

in purity the first two loves, and the last one is cared for; your patriotism will then be as deep as the depths of the ocean, as lofty as the highest pinnacle, and as broad and everlasting as earth itself. It will live till

"The sun grows cold,
And the stars grow old,
And the books of the Judgment Day unfold."

"Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground."

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Nor in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves is Triumph or defeat."

Creeds and superstitions are dying out. We need more deeds, less creeds; more religion in the heart, less silly forms on the surface.

I believe in fairness here, now, and all the time, and to be fair we must be honest.

If in the course of your career a critic should come into your life, he will help you.

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Nature holds each individual personally responsible for his health and happiness. Ruin your health by overwork to please a master,

and it is not the master, but yourself, who will have to pay the penalty in suffering.

"Be firm, one certain element in luck
Is genuine solid old Teutonic pluck."

ALL THE SAME

Every man—
Who does his best
And lives to help his fellowman
Is never a failure.
And—
Whether termed as high or low
Or rich or poor, at last
He arrives at the same door of
Everyman.

Ideas planted to-day will to-morrow spring forth into life and eventually grow into universal thoughts, blessing the world long after we have passed away.

The greatest poverty is that of intellect.

Be a student in God's universe—physical, mental, spiritual.

COWARDS

Many men leading evil lives, who are slaves to vice, simply walking bundles of bad habits, skulk behind the shroud of heredity and lay

at the tomb of their grandmother all the faults that deface them.

Whatever we have received from our ancestors is only a fraction of what we are or what we may become.

Don't buy flowers when you need flour. You can see and catch the perfume of flowers in fields, in parks, in gardens, and in your home window, without cost and without destroying the flowers.

Don't pay two dollars for a seat at an opera when you can buy one for fifty cents where you can hear as well as in the costly one. It's the opera you go to hear and see, is it not?

Don't try to break into society—nothing in it. Cultivate society in your heart, your mind, and your home, and you have something worth while without breaking into.

There is a deep gulf that cannot be spanned existing between the friendship of a rich man and that of a poor man. Try to span it and it will be wrecked in the bogs of humiliation.

Don't try to keep pace with a rich man. If you do, the jail or the poorhouse will get you.

It's not the miles we travel, it's the pace that kills.

We have schools of learning—in law, in languages, in sciences, in the arts, etc.; but the important feature of all learning—the education creating honest men, teaching them their relationship to their fellows, how to live as men should live—has been neglected.

The Golden Rule has been reversed to read, "Do to him what he would do to you, but do him first." Hence we have a race of cunning traders.

The world boasts of civilization, but it's ever so far away. We cannot honestly claim a civilization, for it is not possible until the people are advanced so that a woman may walk out on the street at any time without fear of molestation.

Not until the gentleman collecting fares in a public conveyance does not have to ring up and tell the crowd he has taken in a five-cent piece that doesn't belong to him to prevent him stealing it; not until it is a safe proposition to retire at night without barricading the doors of your home; not until one may leave at least a door mat in safety on the front step without chaining it; not until we have no necessity of engaging our best and strongest physical men to parade the streets with a hickory club, trained physically and ready at a moment's notice to club a fellow being, who deserves it, into unconsciousness; not until humankind are not made by masters into

automatons—grinding out their lives for a mere sustenance—and their dwelling place a hovel; not until humankind know the meaning of manhood, are we justified in "tooting our horns" about our glorious civilization.

Should you meet a man strutting like a peacock, endeavoring to prove by his conduct that he is made of special matter, of finer dust than ordinary men, and that an extra kind of blood—blue blood—courses through his veins; that the universe and other planets and the skies were made for him, don't take him seriously. Just smile—that's his "bug"—common dust and red blood in humankind are just the same. Any other kind of dust or color of blood exists only in a diseased imagination.

However serviceable a man may be, distinction is a worthless badge. He will be forgotten and neglected by the crowd in his declining years. Comfort and consolation for old age come from within—not from without.

He who contributes to the elevation and betterment of humankind by developing thought-power and building up the general moral tone radiates the sunlight of eternal life.

Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.
—Jacob Bobart.

Twin curses:—Extreme wealth and extreme poverty. Man's real self is lost in either one.

The invisible life-source is a wireless system of communication with wonderlands; revelations are flowing in and out all the time and everywhere. The receptive quality of the instrument—self—makes for good or bad the incoming and outgoing messages.

Be in tune with the best and the highest; and the highest and the best are interchanged.

"Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone;
Kindness in another's trouble—
Courage for your own."

We must not restrict the personal opportunity to investigate, or we close the door of achievement.

The gospel of truth is progressive.

Daniel Webster said:

"Those who do not look upon themselves as a link connecting the past with the future do not perform their duty to the world."

An honest man is never insulted nor slighted. An inferior man can't insult or slight him, and a superior man won't.

Think of it—change your opinions, and you are compelled to change your associates. It is laughable, but it is the truth.

Let us be thinking men and change these conditions.

Many men think it shows wonderful brain power to accumulate a fortune; a wonderful thing to keep a store and buy beans at four cents a pound and sell them for six. I don't think so. I want to tell you it's a great deal easier to make a money fortune than to make a magnificent selfhood.

If your name is Jones and you work under the complete domination of Smith for any number of years—say, over two—change your name to Smith. You have lost out; Smith has gobbled your individuality, your initiative. Jones is simply a dead man walking about.

BORROWING

Go to friends for advice;
To women for pity;
To strangers for charity;
To relatives for nothing.
—Spanish proverb.

Every honest, law-abiding citizen should concern himself with the evil conditions existing in our country.

Listen to other people's advice and digest whatever they may say; then think for yourself and use that advice that appears to you to be the best for you.

The world needs men of thought and feeling, of faith and meditation, not of fear and superstition. Men of deeds, not of creeds; men who believe and act in and for the eternal now.

Sensual pleasures, fame, and riches are not securities of happiness; aiming and working for the attainment of permanent good of all men is the only inexhaustible source.

The happiness of Jack is not a bit more important than the happiness of John.

In all your troubles, trials, and vicissitudes never lose sight of the majesty of manhood.

To make and hold a lifelong friendship, both parties must be big enough mentally to overlook the petty differences that are inevitable between men.

There are only a few, men or women, who realize the inward happiness of a life spent in seeking to benefit others.

BE HONEST

In social and domestic matters be sincere. Do not practice yourself that which you condemn in others. There is far too much deception among young people, especially during courtship. A young man enters the presence of an attractive woman with a heart as free as an unmated bird; he leaves it a captive. It should be beneath the dignity of a high-souled man or woman to trifle with those feelings which are as sacred as the love of a mother or the virtue of a sister. The heart of the man is an open book to the heart of the woman. Deception on the part of either is at once unkind, contemptible, and silly. Be honest! Be honest!! Be honest!!!

It is not always words repeated that convey the deep thought of the soul; i.e., a man says "I don't like poetry." You may rely upon it, his aim was to conceal his real self. He should have said, "I do not know how to read poetry."

Do not confess your weaknesses by saying "I don't like poetry, I don't like art." Hold your tongue and begin to look about you and think, commit a few lines to memory every day—well, make it every week—and then review every Sunday morning. Just think of it! There are fifty-two weeks in a year.

Think of the height to which one may climb or what may be accomplished in ten years.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

No man can think without words. Then shape your thoughts with the choicest.

To know how to read well opens the golden gates of a universal college and forms a union between old worlds and new.

A good reader with brains is able to measure the heights and depths of human achievement. He continually drinks at the fountain of divine revelation.

Good reading is the gateway into a new life of hope and promise.

Make of yourself a good conversationalist; it will lead you out of the basement into the parlor.

Nobody cares for an ass—only an ass.

In all phases of life, art, religion, literature, and politics, two masters cannot be served.

There can be no charm in any person without intelligence. A dullard has no charm.

A person who thinks only of self robs himself of a great subtle power. Selfishness destroys magnetism.

There are only a few who really enjoy the divine arts—the higher thinking life. If you are not one of the few, it's your own fault. Get busy. Time is fleeting.

WEAKLINGS

There are too many do-nothings in the world—too many weaklings.

There is a type of young womanhood with no higher ambition that that of dress—butterflies, frail, beautiful—a mere passing delight, creatures of fripperies, follies, and as helpless as babes.

There are young men well matched for these, rich but idle, some of them dissipated, even before the beard begins to sprout. Their object in life is but to kill time. Erelong they marry and live on "dad's" money until overtaken by misfortune; necessity then forces them to unwilling toil or the only alternative, degradation and misery.

Brother man, if you are employed by or become acquainted with a man you fear, remove the fear at once, or you will lose your individuality and become a slave. If you cannot remove the fear, remove yourself; there is plenty of room for you; the world is a big one, and time is precious.

Ask any man of prominence you meet if he is in favor of war and he quickly answers,

no; but he carries a gun and advocates more Dreadnoughts with the latest devices for killing men. He knows that civilization is yet but a dream.

Care and trouble bring out the real worth in a man. No one ever amounted to very much in this world unless he had to; adversity makes him want to.

There are faults based on charity which are injurious only to one's self; in most cases these are virtues.

The world will never give you any credit until you are a "worldly" success; then it will lavish you with a thousand per cent. more than you are entitled to, but don't get excited. Keep your head level when all about you are making theirs oblong or crooked.

There is no one in the world that is better than you should be!

"There's life alone in duty done
And rest alone in striving."

MONEY

Get all the money you can honestly, but do not regard it as the highest good. Do not address the dollar as Almighty. Do not

think of gold as divine, as though it had a sort of metallic omnipotence. An upright character is greater than money. Though banks may fail and bring ruin to thousands, he who has this can never lose all. Though he be stripped like the tree, of its leaves, by the wind, in a storm, he can never be struck as with lightning which destroys.

All that he can lose is a drop—there is an ocean in reserve. He is rich in the possession of an untrammeled mind, rich in the capacity for enjoyment of simple pleasures without satiety, and common life without feverishness, rich in that holy love which makes the wear and tear of life seem unlike the convict's tramp on the world's vast treadmill; but like a luminous ascent to the very gates of heaven.

A man is worth not what he has, but what he is. Worth is worship, but no man should be worshiped for his dollar. A man may be a millionaire, but a bankrupt in morals. The grandest prizes are the heart's own approval, the testimony of a clear conscience, the affection and esteem of one's fellows, health of body and soul, a well-balanced mind, a sufficiency for the essential purposes of life. These prizes are within the reach of all.

A swelling of the muscles is indicative of weakness—same with the head.

The man with a diseased imagination is a humming humbug, and humbug juice is the only medicine craved by a humbug.

The desire for riches is a bauble; to be comfortable is all there is to enjoy.

If you can't go into business without robbing your fellow man by underpay, keep out of it. A thief is a thief, under whatever name or guise he works.

If you are "crooked," put yourself in a strait-jacket of positive rules and straighten up.

The conceited or most self-opinionated man is always the most unjust in his judgments.

The man who condemns another man on what "they say" shall some day receive the measure he meted to his brother.

In all civilized life a captain or a leader is absolutely necessary. A crowd cannot run a ship or a nation in safety. Call him what you will—king, president, boss, chairman, leader, or mogul—we must have him. It is the duty of every citizen to combine his best reasoning and clearest judgment in the selection of a president or a boss. Select a good one is the thing to do. A thinker will not abuse him, but will lend his aid to help him.

It matters little whether or not your name be carved on stone for men to read. Get your promptings from God, the invisible

source. Then give invisible service. Do your work is the thing to do.

Cut out of your life these words and their consequences: master, servant, overwork and underpay.

The man who robs himself of health and nerve force by overwork will have to pay the penalty for his wrongdoing sooner or later. Nature's forces are never bribed; the "governor" is an immutable law.

Never be cajoled into being a slave by writers who are paid for urging you on. This makes the master and the writer laugh and grow fat; it makes the man poor, and causes his life to be one of toil, sorrow, and suffering.

Be true to your conscious self—give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. If this rule is not lived up to, then the master robs the man and the man robs himself. This devilishness of overwork and underpay among men has caused all the troubles of the past and of the present.

There is not a man in the world who has a greater right—he earns it—to be here than he who toils.

One year of honesty in this world would give us a taste of heaven, and we would want more.

The real man is not yet discovered. Men to-day are as good as they know how to be; they must know right from wrong before they can be men.

It takes more years than threescore and ten to develop a real man, and especially so without a concerted effort.

We cannot expect much headway until an educational system is established for the cultivation of man—a soul of truth and honor.

Don't worry about owning a castle; home is the place to live.

WHY?

"Why does an ass prefer thistles to grass,
Is a puzzle to many, no doubt;
But the answer comes swift as a flash from the skies,
And if it's not witty, it is not unwise;
The brute turns away with contempt from the grass,
For the plain simple reason, because he's an ass."

"Why does not the fool prefer virtue to vice,
When one is so vile and the other so nice?
The answer we find by the very same rule—
The fool prefers vice just because he's a fool."

DON'T BE A FISH OR A SHARK

Never attempt to get something for nothing, either in business or in games of chance. If you do you are either a fraud or a fool; you are dishonest, and you'll get the worst of it. Everything that is good for something costs something. However, should you resolve while you have a "crooked" mind to be a "smarty" by attempting to catch the other "crooked" mind and he "hooks" you, then for your own sake don't wriggle or squeal; by all means put forth one grain of manhood. Remember the losing "sucker" is on a par with the successful "shark." If one goes to jail, both should go. The same impure, dishonest thought was back of each, and the same intent produced both the effects. If you do not wish to be owned by the devil, keep out of his shops.

It is to be regretted that the trinity—an honest man, great thoughts, and adversity—must travel hand in hand.

The highest attainment in life is perfect manhood.

By character, intellectual and humane development, the world may some day be civilized.

The man who does not and cannot understand always shouts ugly names.

Count Tolstoi said:

"Some people treat their reason as if it were a flywheel without a connecting strap."

Keep a tight strap on your balance wheel, or the wheels in your head will "go buzz" and it's all off with you.

A "level head" is possible for every one of us if taken in time and self placed in care of thought and judgment, managed right. Enjoy life and everything that's in it, but none of it too much; ever remember an individual is but a small pebble on the shores of life's vast ocean.

187,454 INSANE PEOPLE IN INSTITUTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

"On January 1, 1910, there were 187,454 insane persons in institutions in the United States. This number exceeds the combined enlisted strength of the United States Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, and it exceeds the number of students enrolled in all colleges and universities in this country.

The average cost of caring for a patient for a year in institutions is about $175, making the total cost during the year of 1910 for those in institutions, $32,804,500. It is pointed

out that this sum is larger than the amount appropriated in the same year for the support of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the Federal Government.

It is also estimated that the average value to the community of an adult between the ages of 18 and 45 is $700 a year. On this basis the economic loss to the country through insanity is more than $130,000,000 a year. Adding $32,000,000, the cost of maintenance, it shows that the annual cost of insanity to the nation is more than $162,000,000."

I once had a personal acquaintance who began worrying because he imagined people were chattering about him. I cautioned him to keep the strap on tight, or the wheels would buzz; but he worried on and on, until the "bug" possessed him. The poor fellow is now, and has been for years, an inmate of a mental hospital.

I knew a man who didn't control his appetite; he became a glutton. His favorite diet was cheese; he gorged and gorged until he imagined himself the president of a well-known prominent church. He died, still craving cheese.

I once had a friendly acquaintance determined to go into the saloon business for five years only, simply to escape poverty and to accumulate enough money to pursue worthy

ambitions and intellectual pleasures. He went into it but he never came out of it. He died after eleven years in the business, and went to a drunkard's grave.

I knew a man—a good man. He "got religion"—the shouting kind; he became a holy jumper, and of course jumped out of his head. He is now safely ensconced in an asylum.

Another man I knew got a different form of religion. He became convinced that he was the Christ. He devoted many years trying to prove it; he would give his "message" and hand you a card declaring that if you didn't believe his story you would be damned. (He himself was already damned.) The poor fellow never adjusted the strap, and he died while giving his card in a mental hospital.

I made the acquaintance of a man some years ago, a storekeeper, who went crazy on "overwork." He worked from 7 A. M. until 9 and 10 P. M. He kept up his stock and his accounts on Sunday. Of course he could find no time for recreation—that would be silly; in fact, no time to read a book, not even time to get acquainted with his family. At last the "overwork bug" got him; he's dead, and he left a widow and five children to hustle for themselves in this selfish world.

I once knew a man who made it his business to rob hen roosts, and as he pocketed the eggs he would sing in a monotone:

"Do what is right, let the consequence follow,
God will protect us.
Do what is right."

Beware of Dreams—The majority of those unfortunates who are in "institutions" are there through the "dream bug"; it is a most prolific breeder of insanity. Horrid deeds are often done when dreams are in the head.

Note for yourself what an awful liar you become while attempting to repeat or to weave together the tangled ends of a disordered-stomach dream of the previous night. Never take a dream seriously; it is better for you to take medicine. The trouble's with your liver.

When on your way to a "spook medium" change your route and go to a brain specialist; you will at least avoid adding to your trouble and probably save your "bacon."

When you first discover that you have a little brain in the garden of the mind, think well and guard it with the utmost care, or it will run to weeds, and every flower of love will be destroyed.

Be very watchful of religious and imaginative weeds, or they will overrun your garden

and ruin it. The whole will run wild and simply be inhabited by bats and bugs.

Shakespeare said:

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

He might have said:

A conscience clear makes brave men of us all.

A defiled conscience makes of man a criminal—in awe of himself—a coward.

A precious pearl is found in the proverb old:

"No one need be a slave who has learned how to die."

A brilliant diamond is found in the proverb new:

No one need be a slave who has learned how to live.

It is not what I have written or said in this book, that is the important thing for you, it is what it makes you think, as you read and think your way through its pages. You may forget every word, but still you will be a better man for having read it.

TEN RULES

1. Love all your neighbors and do them all the good you can.

2. Be honest in thought, in word, and in deed.

3. Remember that "To err is human; to forgive is divine."

4. True reasoning manhood must always be your highest aim in life.

5. Envy not the rich; riches do not produce happiness; in many cases they paralyze the humane sensibilities.

6. Be true to yourself; never be owned by another, either in body or in mind.

7. Aid the poor and always do your best to give them opportunities, so that they may raise themselves out of misery to the plane of contentment.

8. Be honest and prompt in your dealings with your fellowmen.

9. Do not noise abroad the follies of your neighbor.

10. Keep alive the memories of the good and the true.

ONWARD; OR, THE BUILDERS

"This globe lives from the light and warmth and glow of other worlds."

The aim and object of every life should be to make a better world by aiming to build characters, by assisting in the lifting up from the sordid and gross to the higher realms of thought and action, so that the influence of our lives shall not be limited to the short span Dame Nature allows, but ages after we have passed to that unknown shore some seed of thought or action we have dropped along the wayside will bear a delicious fruitage for some poor soul who is struggling under life's burden.

Personally, I am in love with life, and am very thankful for the few blessings of civilization we enjoy to-day. I wish, if possible, to add to the sweetness and joy and intellectual happiness of my fellows.

Each man should—

"Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helmless vessel
Thou canst ne'er to self be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,

Might have now been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide."

There is to-day, throughout the world, a very strong tendency to drift into a sordid, gross, or material life, and at these fraternal meetings food for thought should be given, the brain aroused to action, or they are of little use.

Thought is that attribute of the human mind which gives form to mortal ideas of the outward world.

In the higher realms of thought, the earthly is intermingled with the heavenly or divine; and, in order to humanize man, this power must be developed above the mere earthly struggles for an existence, toward those abstract ideals of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

The world always looks upside down to the man who is himself upside down, and it has been truly said, " As a man thinketh, so is he."

Isolation is unnatural and almost impossible to man. We are all of us tiny atoms; one atom alone is helpless. It is the combining of these atoms that gives to each an individual strength. Man cannot develop perfectly alone.

It is the coming in contact of one mind with another that produces thought and development. This contact can be obtained only through association in a social way. Society is the only field for mental activity. Here individuals develop in their hearts a broader

and deeper understanding of one another, and also of life's aims and objects. With this understanding come the lasting friendships which endear us each to the other.

From the earliest accounts we have of man, we learn that his first concept of society consisted in taking unto himself a wife and building himself a home; and as civilization advances, it proves that this primitive social beginning was the true foundation of all intellectual development.

Throughout the ages, in all the various forms of life, there has been a constant combining and separating from humble beginnings, however low, to our present plane, but always leading upward; for human life is like a tree, its growth is toward the light.

In progression's march, we first find the individual, then the family, then the village, then the city, which results in the nation and the race.

Individuality and unity are necessary links in the chain of human development. Professor Barnes tells us in his illustration of the art of printing, how necessary is individual strength to a higher and more extended form of unity. He says:

"The first printing was done without separable types; a new construction was required for each new piece of printing; hence, the twenty-six letters cemented together would tell but the one story. It was not until the art was perfected and the types separated that they were capable of a wide individual use,

and could still be combined into a more perfect unity than under the old method of all being cemented together."

The world needs individual strength for a higher and more extended form of unity. It needs groups of thinkers harmonizing their best thoughts into universal fellowship, in united action.

In my advocating fraternal societies, I do not include in heart, mind, or speech either the man or the society that wears a mask, or the robes of a Christ, or of any other great character to further low animal selfishness. We must be absolutely honest, without pomp or selfishness.

As we look at the world out of the glasses of the present we see all the frailties and imperfections of those around us. The petty details of daily life do not bear close inspection. It is only by viewing with a general gaze the sum total of noble lives that one gets away from the thought that the world is retrograding.

Let me ask:

What is it that daily prevents the world from going down into complete baseness? What has made us grow to the planes of intelligence we now stand upon?

What has made this world as beautiful as it is, mentally and spiritually?

The answer is:—

Freeing men from the slavery of ignorance, of superstition, of mental stupidity and, instead, cultivating the fraternal spirit among

men, lifting their minds out of the mud into the free air of liberty of thought and its expression; freedom of body and of mind, opening the avenues for free investigation of every question pertaining to living and advancement in every phase of life.

The fraternal chain binds the living present with the lived past and brings to us all the sweetness and glory of that past, allowing all that was ignorant and devilish and mean to die with its own age, leaving deep in our hearts the well-defined and glorious hope that man is constantly advancing onward and upward into God's clear light—Fraternal Day.

To be fraternal means a state of being brotherly—a universal brotherhood, a Christ-like love for humankind.

Though men and creeds may differ as to the first cause, the forms or attributes of God, the unfathomable, to-day people who think and are not hypocrites agree that all human beings spring from the same source, call it what we will—one God—the Father of us all; and from this predicate this fact is undeniable, that we are all brothers and sisters endowed with equal rights by the Creator of all, and that among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Although a self-evident fact exists that some men exceed others in mental faculties, as much so as the elephant does the mouse in physical strength, yet this physical strength or mental power does not give the intellectual giant the moral right to trample upon his

weaker brother; but, to the contrary, it is his duty and should be his pleasure to assist in his brother's development. The human tendency for the strong to trample upon the rights of the weak and to garner the results of their toil and use them for their own personal advancement or aggrandizement inspired and caused the benevolent ones of earth to establish fraternal societies for the intellectual and humane advancement of the race; for as intellect grows among the children of men they rebel against servitude. Therefore we are apostles of fraternity, working and hoping for that glorious end, "The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man."

HUMAN LIFE

By Lord Byron. Born 1788; died 1824

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge;
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! the eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages, while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

A HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE

The progress of civilization has ever been a hard-fought battle. It seems natural for man to be man's enemy. The mass of people seem ever ready with abuse and derision for anything new, whether it be in the realms of thought, science, religion, or action. When a God-thought is launched from the brain of man for the betterment of the people at large, little credit is given him for honest motives, but nearly all are ready to charge him with ulterior purposes.

CIVILIZATION

Let us analyze the word civilization. It means to humanize, to make gentle by overcoming cruel dispositions and rude habits, and let me say that just in proportion to man's civilization or to his being civilized, so does his heart beat in sympathy and with good will for his fellows. Riches, pomp, display, and titles are not indications of pure civilization. The pockets may be filled with gold, the head with book-learning, but if the heart and mind are uncivilized, the rest stands as naught. He or she is simply a cunning animal in human shape, and must, through the various evolutionary processes, be developed in accordance with universal law.

Tennyson illustrated this thought when he said:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns."

Many persons, though possessing talents as brilliant as a field of diamonds, in many cases are baneful influences because of the spirit of their lives and the manner or purpose for which they use their gifts, retarding moral and spiritual growth, rather than developing or unfolding the same. Their heads have been educated but their hearts have been neglected—are dead.

CIVILIZED OR PRIMITIVE?

In life, very many men; and many of these may be termed educated, and intellectual, but they are simply primitive men. Their natures contain only the elements of the jungle. Cunning, groping, and growling, civilization has polished or veneered them upward from the chin; the rest is decorated in "feathered" vanity. They neither see nor conceive anything of a nobler, higher nature than from the low or base plane of animal existence. These undeveloped men cannot see, feel, nor realize any of the purer rights; the blessings and the delights of a humane, manly life. In their life and living, the spirit of ideality, humanity, love, and benevolence is really unknown and unrealized. If it exists at all in the depths of the soul, it has had no awakening, or it is as yet unborn. In whatever paths by chance they may go, in their moving about among men, their actions are prompted solely by selfish instincts, and their manners are formed by force and imitation.

These are the men who are for sale, who buy such, and who market their kind in political marts to the highest bidder.

They are not high enough in the scale of developed life to be competent, in the real sense, to be responsible to any man or to any power created by man; nor is such responsibility really expected of them by purely developed and scientific men, for the simple

reason that these primitives possess neither the inner soul light of physical indications nor the reasoning powers that form the real man. They are devoid of the fundamental principles of divine manhood.

In whatever line of public service they may push themselves, or whenever or wherever they may come in contact with men, they operate in hypocrisy, anger, and selfishness. These people have no judging sense of the meaning of a man, or of realizing a divine personal responsibility. Their lives are controlled by the primitive, crude innate desires of self, and these desires are to hurt, destroy, and devour.

The balances and checks of what we term society furnish no place or justification for those destructionists who continually antagonize, abuse, and tear down.

In the real man the soul is mirrored in the face, illumined by an invisible light. The influence of a real man is as inspiring as music. He, having climbed the heights into civilized life, has left far behind him the ignorance and savage instincts of the primitive man. It is only by right living and right thinking that right manhood is achieved—the highest pinnacle to be reached in human life.

In this real man there is a happy blending of the divine, the intellectual, the spiritual—his whole life in the direction of love, meekness, goodness, and kindness—and he only is a fraternalist, a builder of men, a creator within himself.

In his climbing, or onward march to higher levels of life and living, he extends to a brother man encouraging words and a willing helping hand.

It can be said of him " He is a man," living always to a principle, for a principle, and by a principle—the principle of truth, justice, and mercy.

TWO FORCES

Since the beginning of things there seem to have been two forces always at work—one that builds, and one that destroys. One represents reasoning manhood, the other animal selfishness; one we may call intelligence, the other ignorance; one is good and one is evil; one wears the armor of truth, the other of falsehood; one is light, the other darkness; one is of God, the other of the devil; one is Dr. Jekyll, the other Mr. Hyde. Seemingly, these two elements, the high and the low, are continually battling to gain supremacy. At times it seems as though the lower and baser element will be victorious. But the great virtue of human life is truth, which is indestructible, and although it may be crushed to earth it will rise again. Truth is developing slowly in the hearts and lives of men, and will eventually reign supreme. The lower and baser propensities in man will exist only under subjection to the intelligence, and eventually these baser instincts will be obliterated and man shall be Man.

This thought applies to individuals, nations, and the world. They shall be governed by men.

The great question of the first cause or the coming into existence of this universe and millions of other worlds is unknowable and unanswerable. This fact, however, presents itself to every thoughtful person—that all things have a history.

That man has always been upon the plane he now stands, and has always enjoyed the present intellectual, scientific, and moral advantages, is entirely out of the question, for just as we have learned our alphabet to enable us to read, so man has learned his alphabet in developing from the prehistoric creature to the present growing man, or from the ignorant, superstitious, to the present enlightened man.

> This world was once a fluid haze of light,
> Till toward the center set the starry tides,
> And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
> The planets; then the monster, then the man.
> —Tennyson: "The Princess," Canto II.

Through the dim vista of the past, builded by thousands of years, we can see our ancestors living in their crude state.

As we trace the wonderful story told by the immense rocks, the tiny stones, the beautiful valleys, the gigantic mountains, and the rolling seas, we can but form a faint idea of the more wonderful story told by the development of what is known as man.

Though man probably made his appearance without thought or knowledge, the divine creative force, Mother Nature, furnished material for use and tools with which to shape, fashion, and mould this wonderful material to produce thought and development.

Naturally man's first thought was directed to bodily wants, such as the appeasing of hunger, the quenching of thirst, and sheltering from the elements.

It has been rightly said that neither wise men nor fools can work without tools. A man cannot chop without an ax, or drive a wedge without a mallet; and it was this mighty thought that was the foundation of all invention. Think for a minute of the early age of man, known as the "stone age." Stone was the main material used for making the various implements to supply their everyday needs. Flints were much used, because by a hard glow flakes like the blades of knives could be broken off, and that intellect was growing is shown in the fact that they realized the sharp-edged tools which they were making must of necessity be harder than the material to be cut. These articles at first were shapeless; but as intellect grew, form commenced to be developed, until they assumed symmetrical proportions. Necessity again forced them to greater achievements—thought was developing. Stone would no no longer answer their many purposes, and some man a little ahead of his fellows in thought-power made use of his brighter mind

to discover the metals locked up in Nature's treasure-vaults. Here we find the primitive prospector. It is believed that gold was the first metal discovered by man, supposedly attracted to it by its glitter and brightness.

Men and women had no sooner attained this height of crude intelligence than they began to decorate their bodies. This vanity or art of decoration was born before the idea of covering the body. The first aristocratic move of our early ancestors was that of tattooing. This shows that pride and love of beauty were, from the earliest stages, attributes of man, showing his superiority over the brute creation.

In everyday observation we realize the truth of this thought, for no one has ever yet known of a herd of cows leaving off feeding to admire a beautiful sunset, or of seeing the face of a horse or a mule grow radiant with delight at the sight of a beautiful landscape. And here let me say that the further away man is from animal life, or the more developed he becomes in the higher faculties and sensibilities, the more beautiful does this world appear to him. In just proportion does he see and appreciate God's handiwork, the majestic wonders of the universe. "The glory of God is intelligence."

Thousands of years elapsed and man slowly developed from being a roving, long-haired, semi-barbarian to the shepherd or tiller of the soil.

He commenced to learn of the greatness of

the earth upon which he had been placed, and he began to feel his superiority over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

Erelong man began to cover his nakedness with the skins of various animals. At last he discovered that the soil would bounteously yield to the hand of toil. At this stage of life each man scratched for himself, and lived for himself, in his primitive fashion, uncivilized, unrefined, unfraternal. The sunlight of fraternal love had not yet dawned upon the world of men.

Slowly but surely the process of developing man moved on and on. After his physical needs were satisfied the higher needs began to assert themselves. The natural instinct of fighting off all other men as antagonistic to his well-being, mingling with the crude longing for association and social condition, probably caused him to affiliate with woman as the weaker being, but in many ways stronger than the man. The natural instinct of the male is to shirk the protection and rearing of offspring; while the female will show unusual strength and ferocity in protecting her young. Here would arise a conflict of ideas; the woman battling for love, the man, depending upon the woman for his social needs, finally makes a law of necessity and accepts those obligations which nature did not endow him with or impose upon him.

By cultivation or development only does the higher love assert itself in man's mind, and with the dawn of fatherhood is born that

benevolence which is the father of all bonds of union.

As soon as the love of children is well established, man's masculine mind naturally turns to, first, subduing his offspring to his will and instructing them in his knowledge. Thus the first law is established, that of complying with a stated rule, the father and his family being a complete embodiment of crude government; and all governments, good or bad, are founded upon fatherhood. This was a grand step toward the goal of fraternity—a universal brotherhood.

Thus were the first homes builded. Soon arose the necessity of the relationship of one family with another. Homes soon multiplied into villages, villages into towns, towns into cities, cities into nations. No sooner had they reached this stage of what we term civilization than they began to fight and enslave each other, and here we see the lower, baser, or brute element struggling for supremacy.

Still the higher element of light and love was developing, and many wanted peace and harmony, as all fraternal workers do now. So I might continue on and on with the various stages in the growth and development of man, from his commencing to till the soil and subdue the forest, up to the present time; from the bartering with skins of animals to our present financial system.

SPEECH AND SOUND

It might be of interest to retrace our steps and consider for a few moments another branch of development—viz., speech and sound. Isolation is unnatural, almost impossible to man. Intellect grows out of friction; friction necessitates contact and opposition of other men, and man's contact with man necessitates some mode of communicating thought. Man is not as independent a being as he imagines, and out of this dependence upon his fellows arose the necessity of speech.

When ordinarily speaking, we little realize how limited and vague were these primitive modes of communication in the past ages.

In speaking of languages now in use, we must first revert to the period when speech was probably unknown, and from the necessity of communicating wants or thoughts arose the use of sounds and inflections to convey certain meanings. The formation of sounds, then words, was the basis of the first languages, and from these our modern languages are derived. From motions and sounds words were formed, and as thought-power developed the crude man and woman began to unconsciously feel the necessity of more explicit communication.

They had made one step—that from the mere guttural sound to a combination of these sounds forming syllables. The next step was

to combine syllables, and thus they formed words. As intellect grew, rude and uncouth sentences were constructed from the words they had formed. As sentences are thoughts expressed in words, they had now reached the point where they could communicate and exchange ideas and thoughts by means of spoken language.

After a lapse of probably thousands and thousands of years, thought had reached the stage of improvement on this language; improvement on words, on pronunciation, on inflection, intonation, and spelling, until now we have a beautiful language, builded by thought and full of melody.

Next to the advancement of spoken language comes that of the written.

There was no written language for centuries in the early stages of man's development, except rude hieroglyphics or picture writings which were marked upon rocks, next upon bark of trees, then upon skins of animals. The history of nations, consisting of war achievements, treaties of alliance, deeds of great men, etc., were carefully recorded in this crude style of record-keeping. For instance, a war expedition was illustrated by rude sketches of men in line, each carrying a queer-looking weapon, intended, I suppose, for a bow and arrow, and so on, and we still observe this crude literature in vogue among the American Indians. To distinguish, in these rude pictures, the difference between men and women, the men were drawn with

heads and the women headless. Unconsciously these early races discovered that the head was the seat of the reasoning faculty, and as the women were considered, in all primitive cases, almost as beasts of burden, and lacking in mental attainments, I suppose this was the reason they were pictured without heads.

All their thoughts, all their ideas and communications were expressed in this manner by curious hieroglyphics.

The invention of the alphabet, which is the basis of the modern art of writing, is ascribed to the Phœnicians, who are thought to have taken some of the signs used in hieroglyphics and made of them the characters representing the sounds of the voice, commencing with the vowels, which finally developed into our modern alphabet.

From this alphabet, composed of vowels and consonants, letters are taken and combined and arranged in the form of sentences. From the combination of sentences we have paragraphs, which express completely and connectedly more than one thought. By expressing a series of complete thoughts we form chapters. By combining chapters we form the volume or book, thus completing a story or a continuation of relative thoughts.

This, in brief, is the evolution of our spoken and written languages from the rude ancient hieroglyphics to the culmination of the magnificent collection of thoughts, bound

into beautiful books, forming our gigantic libraries.

After the social relationships of man were established, men of more bold and positive types than their fellows stood out as leaders, and the love of heroes began to be awakened in the human soul. Hero worship ever has been and ever will be a prominent characteristic in man.

Closely following at the heels of this love came the desire to emulate. Mixed with the more beautiful and divine wish to be benefactors and protectors of mankind were the baser passions for wealth and personal fame. The dream of immortality aroused in men the feverish wish to live forever in the hearts and memories of their brothers, and out of this commingling of divine goodness and human selfishness arose the mighty records of accumulated knowledge and ignorance which we call books.

FULFILLMENT

"Sometimes I think the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be,
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost
Sometime shall be fulfilled.

"That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,

Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live embodied evermore
And wait for us to come."

"One God, one element, and One Divine event, to which the whole creation moves."

When we compare our present condition of life and living with that of the stone age, man's progression is truly wonderful. How the winds, waves, rushing streams, and lightning flashes terrified the primitive man! Now all of these elements are harnessed, and under man's control to do his bidding, and each day that fades into the past reveals to him some new force of nature. Truly we owe a debt of gratitude to the fathers of all learning. Let us quote from Edward Clodd. He says: "He who first chipped a flint was the father of all painters; he who first piled stones together was the father of all builders; he who first bored a hole in the reindeer's bone to make a whistle, or twanged a stretched sinew, was the father of all musicians; he who first rhymed his simple thoughts was the father of all poets," and he might well have added, "He who first assumed the obligations of family was the father of all governments."

In the development or evolution of man, the two elements, light and darkness, good and bad, love and hate, have always been at war. In the march of progression, brute or animal instinct has ever been battling with

intellect or divine instinct. But we are struggling onward toward the glorious goal —Fraternity; The Fatherhood; The Brotherhood.

Although the theory of material evolution was fought with bitter opposition for long, all scientists, thinkers, and theologians to-day take it for the basis of material development. Side by side with the continually changing material growth there is a spiritual or thought evolution constantly going on in the soul of man. How beautifully James Russell Lowell expresses this thought:

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes
ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who
would keep abreast of truth."

ON THE UP GRADE

Every day brings new evidence of the divinity of the human mind, and how, one by one, nature's elements and nature's forces are being reduced to its control.

We are constantly growing both mentally and physically to greater achievements. Humanity has advanced in thought and in humane living from the man-savage to the man-barbarian; from the man-barbarian to the present man, partially civilized. From the cave to the dugout; from the dugout to the hovel; from the hovel to the cabin; from

the cabin to the cottage; from the cottage to the mansion, or to the beautiful homes we now enjoy. To-day there are too many huts and hovels, not enough real cottage homes. So it has been with the spiritual and religious evolution of man. We have grown toward the light in our beliefs, in creeds and in forms. From the worship of stone to the worship of living things; from the worship of images —idols—to the worship of the elements; from the worship of the elements to the worship of many imaginary gods. We are now coming into the fraternal age—one God, one family.

EVER-CHANGING DRAMA

In the ever-changing drama of life new scenes have been enacted; new actors have filled their roles. Many of them have made their entrances and their exits without contributing anything toward the welfare of their fellowmen, while others have sacrificed life and all its pleasures for the humane advancement of the human race. Had it not been for the brave workers of the dreary past, who worked unceasingly and alone, without appreciation, without recompense, and died upon the cross, the rack, and the scaffold that each succeeding generation might reap a golden harvest of intellectual liberty from the seedlings planted by their sacrifice, we to-day would be the victims of despotism and be

subject to the whims and fancies of conceited ignorance.

James Russell Lowell tells us:

"Careless seems the great avenger,
History's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness
'Twixt old systems and the Word.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

THE LIGHTS

What a Struggle

What a struggle it has been through all the ages from the crude unthinking man to the present one who does some little thinking. I will call your attention to a few of the grand souls who have lighted the way.

Think of Manu, the Hindoo lawgiver, two thousand years before the Christian era. He taught:

"Let a man continually take pleasure in truth, in justice, in laudable practice, and in purity. Let him keep in subjection his speech, his arm, and his appetite. Sound

doctrines and good works purify the soul. The intelligence is purified by knowledge."

Similar truths and beautiful ideas were taught by Minos, Krishna, Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, Lycurgus, Thales, and then Pythagoras, the sublime old worthy of antiquity who turned the searchlight of his accumulated knowledge full upon the seeds gathered by previous thinkers until these seeds blossomed into beautiful realities. He taught, love one another, strict purity both in body and in mind, and a high estimation of woman.

Many more could be mentioned, such as Socrates, the grand old worthy who taught that only the wise man can be just, brave, or temperate, and that vice of every kind is ignorance. Plato, who taught that the soul not only is but ever was and ever shall be immortal. He taught that the soul is an offspring of intelligence, and that love is the bond which unites the human with the divine.

Next in this procession of lights, Aspasia, the Greek priestess of learning, and Pericles, the prince of statesmen. Aristotle, Epicurus, and Lucretius, who said " man finds his womb and tomb in universal nature."

Then we have the great light—Christ, the Nazarene, the personification of goodness. He taught, " Love thy neighbor as thyself, and do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." From Christ comes that grandest of all precepts, the Sermon on the Mount (5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of Matthew), which will live on and on and

permeate all codes of law in subsequent ages. He taught the broad principle of "Love your enemies, for God maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

The love of Christ can be understood and appreciated only as the lives of men and women make His teachings a living verity, and that is what every earnest honest man is aiming to do under the banner of Fraternity.

Chiefest among those since the time of Christ, who have worked for the emancipation of humanity we find Savonarola, Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo, Luther, Columbus, Shakespeare, Newton, Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Paine, and the great, tender-hearted man, Abraham Lincoln, who struck the fetters from the mind and body of four million human slaves. Lincoln said: "Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men and all lands everywhere. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it." He also gave us the beautiful lesson, "malice toward none and charity for all." Last but not least that fearless man, Robert G. Ingersoll, whose mind, unchained and free, soared above all clouds and fogs of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry, who taught by word and deed the religion of kindness; who said in gentle tones as to a future life, "I do not know, but whatever flower of hope

springs in my heart, I will cherish, I will give it breath of sighs and rain of tears." He taught, "Help for the living, hope for the dead."

The great thinkers of the past are to us like the mariner's compass to the sailor—our guide, our hope, our blessing for the years to come. They have been the world's builders of intellect.

The greatest achievements of all ages have been accomplished by men and women who were handicapped, vilified, and abused—there have been mighty few of them who were on man's payroll. They suffered and died for man by the hand of man, and bigotry still goes on. The world is in need of teachers and constructors of thinking men.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,
They were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for
Hurled the contumelious stone.
—Lowell.

Let us banish silly prejudices, remove them from the minds of men, and do not call people ugly names because they do not believe as we do.

John, in his first epistle, says:

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother . . . whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

THE FRATERNAL AGE

Out of the shadow of night
The world moves into light—
It is daybreak everywhere.
—Longfellow.

In our discussion we commenced at the stone age. We have now reached the Fraternal age. We have come out of darkness into light.

All along life's highway the story of human progress, from the time when Solomon dedicated to the God of his fathers a temple of gold up to the present time, the handclasps of the brotherhoods have meant higher hopes for humanity and a broader destiny for man.

It is our day now. The workers of the past have handed down the charge to us. We must do our duty. We cannot pay the debt of gratitude we owe our forefathers except by contributing our mite to the welfare and happiness of this and future generations. The nineteenth century made this world a neighborhood. It remains for the twentieth century to make it a brotherhood.

The great intellectual lights who have illumined the pathway of all the ages have stood out conspicuously, because each age recorded but a few; but their influence has increased the number of workers, and this new century records various organizations

working for the same end for which they toiled—the brotherhood of man.

How much more ought we to accomplish than the few struggling workers of the past! —for in unity there is strength.

The man who possesses the true spirit of Fraternal love, his great heart throbs with pity at the heartaches of the world, and he yearns with infinite longing to accomplish something that will alleviate the sufferings of his brother man. What matter to him the human passions and frailties of the children of men? He will see through it all. He will understand the mistakes and errors growing out of our poor, human weaknesses. His nature is too broad to harbor deceit, distrust, envy, or hate, and his sympathies are too deep for condemnation, uncharitableness, and revenge. He has room in his heart only for pity. He is the type that stands for those benefactors that have lived, worked, and died that brotherhood might at last be no longer a dream, but a living verity.

The prescription of the world is to live for yourself. The prescription of a fraternal man, or of an honest fraternal society, is to live for others, self included.

Flattery's the turnpike road to Fortune's door;—
Truth is a narrow lane all full of quags
Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags
And workhouses—sad refuge for the poor!

Flattery's a mountebank so spruce—get riches;
Truth a plain Simon Pure, a Quaker Preacher,
A Moral Mender, a disgusting Teacher,
That never got a sixpence by her speeches.
—Pindar.

If you would be an honest builder of sterling manhood, the chances are you will be a poor man—that is, in this world's goods; especially so if your ideas lead you up stream against the current of thoughtless popularity, for it requires strength and courage and unselfish devotion to and for a cause you know is right, and this kind of work is seldom paid for by men or societies; but you'll be happy because you will always be in good company and on good terms with your true self, and a fellowman will not be your master.

Right is right, and wrong is no man's right, and with true men there can be no compromise in honor, truth, and justice. The thing to do is your work, irrespective of whether anyone sees you or not. Battle for principle on all questions, backed by common sense, guided by intelligence, the pathway lighted by reason, and the whole sustained by a refined conscience.

If in the depths of your heart burns the desire to leave the world a little better for having lived in it, you must never tire in your efforts nor be discouraged, and you must not expect appreciation or praise from the people

at large for your efforts. If you do, the anticipation of a reward is apt to divert your mind, and, besides this, keen disappointment will follow, which is liable to make you sick at heart; and discouragement will follow in its wake.

Though one may yearn for the kindly words of "well done," the question as to whether you receive them or not should cut no figure in the reckoning of a helpful life. One is selfish to give and expect something in return.

To be generous and give your best efforts to your mission is sipping the very cream of creation. It is no sacrifice, it is joy. The individual passes away—only the fruit of his work remains to bless humanity. "Though they may forget the singer, they will not forget the song." Do your work and find your reward in the doing—in the fact of being true, in the knowing for yourself that you have labored honestly, by precept and example, to lift your fellowmen to higher planes of life and living.

In the long run of years, when your mission is completed and you have passed on and become a memory, there is no telling what will be done for you in honoring your name.

The hindsight of the masses has always been clearer than their foresight, hence we have had our crucified saviors all across the ages.

No man or woman can render service to unselfishness, save in the sacrifice of self.

"Who fails to sow for fear that he
Shall not be here to reap
Must lie in black obscurity
Through all his final sleep."

And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.
—Gal. vi, 9.

"One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has caught the game, a bee when it has made its honey, so a man when he has done a good act does not call for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season. Must a man then be one of those who in a manner act thus without observing it? Yes. What more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? Art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it, just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet for walking?"—Marcus Aurelius.

"To be true in heart and just in act are the first qualities necessary for the elevation of humanity."—Froude.

The world is slowly growing wiser, coming out of bigoted darkness. Erelong we shall worship God by service—God the source of all light and love, the Father of us all. We shall know but one family, which shall then mean humanity. We shall some day erect temples of learning which shall stand for the development of men, real men, without respect to race, creed, class, or color, uniting all nations in friendship, and all mankind in a universal brotherhood.

NEVER SAY FAIL!

(Anonymous)

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
  Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
  And waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle
  They only prevail
Who daily march onward
  And never say fail!

With an eye ever open,
  A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
  To sorrow succumb,
You'll battle and conquer
  Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
  Who never say fail!

The spirit of angels
  Is active, I know,
As higher and higher
  In glory they go;
Methinks on bright pinions
  From heaven they sail,

To cheer and encourage
  Who never say fail!

Ahead then keep pushing,
  And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
  And asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
  All enemies quail,
In the might of their wisdom
  Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
  In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be the motto
  Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
  Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
  And never say fail!

TO THE BOYS

My Young Brothers:

Some time ago I visited Harvard University—the oldest, the largest institution of learning in the United States. There are over seventy buildings or halls in this university, many of them over one hundred years old. Here and there are tablets enrolling the names of such men as General Washington, General Putnam, Stephen Page (the first printer), and many other historic per-

sonages. In going about one feels as though being enveloped in the atmosphere of knowledge and goodness. Every room is a source of thought and admiration.

Many of America's greatest men were developed in this cradle of learning. My path of life is not strewn with many regrets, but while visiting this sublime institution an earnest wish came over me that I could retrace the steps of age twenty-five years. I would then surely graduate from Harvard if I had to carry a shine-box to make a living, or, in other words, to pay my way while going through.

I wish I could open the eyes of thoughtless boys to the possibilities lying within their grasp in this great country of ours for education. I am quite sure that then they would throw away the cigarette, the drink, and, in fact, dissipation of every kind. They would lift their heads and open their eyes toward the light. They would seek for knowledge outside of their own narrow circle. This learning would bring humility, and humility would bring love; and great love casts away superstition, fear, and trembling, and makes us men. Boys, get out into the highway of life and journey onward and upward, so that your footprints may be indelibly stamped on the sands of time, telling, in after years, to those who come after you—"This is the way out of darkness into light, out of ignorance into the realms of intellectual living and enjoying."

" 'Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one, have we;
One, only one.
How earnest should that one life be,
That narrow span.
Day after day still spent in blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

" WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE "

We hear of new life, new thought, new wine, new women, new styles, and new scandals; but what a relief, what a golden promise for the future, it would mean if we could only hear of a few new men—real men—freed from superstitious bugs that have buzzed and buzzed in the ears of humanity since before the time man could stand erect! The old-established and deep-rooted system or plan is for the dead to control the living. It seems natural for stupid man to drink from the stagnant pools of the dead past instead of imbibing from the fountains of living flowing waters.

" The world is full o' ruts, my boy,
Some shallow and some deep,

An' every rut is full o' folks
As high as they can heap."

The world is weighted down with old customs, old ideas, old notions, and old superstitions, and we cannot hope for anything very new and useful unless we begin with the boys and in their youth build new men. Boys, for the sake of your own welfare and for the intellectual happiness of others, so that all may enjoy the beauties and delightful pleasures of life in the purest and highest form, it is absolutely necessary that you lop off many of the useless, rotten branches from the tree of everyday life and custom. You must kill the poisonous bugs that blight, destroy, and prevent the development and growth of life's healthful and sustaining fruits.

If you fear that you will find no crop, no harvest, nor anything new in the garden of life, I would advise you to take a chance, go out into the arena of thought, and if necessary go it alone. You will find it advantageous to your growing higher self to walk alone and have nothing to hold to, rather than to cling to rotten branches or paddle around the shore, and be foolish and miserable all the days of your life. Every ordinary human being has a mind, and it is distressingly useless unless it is free.

Once let a boy or a man become disgusted with his fool self, and there comes a hope that

he will soon pay some attention to his real or sensible self.

The soul of every man may be termed as in prison. We have found five windows—the senses—all beautifully enveloped with a spiritual sense; and all these must be clean and clear, and bear in mind there are many other windows awaiting unfoldment.

Develop your intellect and let the sunshine of truth and reason permeate your life, and you will have no need for the light of a superstitious candle.

Do not adopt into your daily life or into your laugh the following hoary-headed stories and bugs of superstition; if they should have already found a crooked entrance into your boyish mind, dig them out, get a new mind:

First—Do not laugh with anybody else that laughs at the old and silly jokes that are detrimental or otherwise to the mother-in-law. The minstrel or jokesmith is awfully tired of these old stories, and he shoots them off only by habit; he calls them old stock.

Second—Banish from your mind the baby foolishness as to "13" being an unlucky number, or the "13th" being an unlucky day. Ignorance was and is the mammy of such ancient and foolish superstitions; the individual who adheres to such is the object of a laugh, and it should be on him.

Third—Never think for a minute that keeping a black cat, or a white cat, or a bob-tailed dog will bring you luck; only poor,

simple, primitive people put any credence in such stupid nonsense.

If your head is roof-shaped and you have a natural tendency to superstition, made so from birth, or if you are surrounded by weak-minded or luny people, move, get out of the rut, go into new environments. The majesty of manhood is of greater value to you than all the acquaintances on earth. Surely, if you possess only a little bit of a thinker, you can stop living and operating in, on, and with such trifling foolish things. Try a change with a little self-denial, and by so doing you will gain strength and build a reasoning manhood.

Fourth—Bump or shake out of your head the silly thought of carrying a button in your pocket to charm away evil spirits, or to keep you in good health. There are no spirits to charm away, avoid whisky spirits, and you're safe; obey nature's laws and you will have good health.

There is not a bit of reason or sense in any of these silliest of silly things. Let me suggest that you take the button in your hand, stand erect, hold up the button and look at it, and at the same time look at the shadow of your wonderful self in the mirror, and unconsciously the line from Shakespeare will force its way—

"What fools these mortals be!"

Fifth—Don't worry as to whether you happen to see the new moon over your left or

your right shoulder, for, whether to the right or to the left, you ought to know that not in the least will these happenings have anything to do with your success or with your failure. You had better look in other directions—say, down here on earth—for success or failure, joy or sadness. The moon is beautiful to the eye and mind of thinking people from any point of view. The beams of the silvery moon make the night beautiful, and light and cheer the way for the feet of the weary traveler.

Sixth—Don't faint or tremble in fear of a calamity, should you by accident spill a little salt. You've simply lost a little salt, that's all; but salt is cheap, and from Salt Lake in Utah the world can be supplied indefinitely with salt; so for goodness' sake don't worry and take a fit over a little bit of salt.

Seventh—Don't be afraid to walk under a ladder; that is, if you have reason to believe the ladder is fastened well. Silly superstition is not affecting the ladder, and you must have enough or more common sense than to allow such a foolish notion to have an effect on your God-given mind.

Eighth—Stop laughing and falling in line with the old jokes and abuse on the policemen of the town where you live. This silly nonsense and prejudice is hurtful, and, besides, it is very old and smells to heaven.

As a class, policemen are the best men on earth, and abuse doesn't tend to make them any better. Policemen continually risk their

lives among the vicious and undeveloped creatures of earth. These peace officers always do more for the citizens than the citizens of any town or place do for them.

Ninth—"The haunted house." If the haunting bug has stung you, take a dip in the fountain of sense and knowledge and wash away the silly poison from your mind. The haunt bug is not in the house, it is in the head of the luny. Empty heads haunt empty houses, and they also fill the world with haunting spooks.

If you fail in keeping your mental machinery in good running order, the goblins will get you wherever you go.

Boys, "the universe is governed by law," and so is everything that is in the earth, and above the earth. There is no chance, no broken law, without a bad effect. Man's life and destiny are not controlled by a button in your pocket, by spots on a deck of cards, by rapping on tables, by unlucky numbers, et cetera.

My son, you are but a tiny atom in the immensity of space and of worlds. A puff of wind and you are blown away. You are here to-day and gone to-morrow. You can be a success only by developing the best that is in you; you must be the captain of your life, your soul.

Ignorance and superstition is a universal curse. Boys, grow out of the mists and fogs into the sunlight of intelligence and freedom —and be men.

If you have an ugly heart bearing sinful pride and selfishness, it will show in your face, and you are surely ugly. It is a duty and a privilege possessed by every one to be good-looking. There are mighty few bad boys—it's bad management that ruins. You are the architect and builder of your life and looks. Clean living will engrave lines upon the face, and the light of the soul will illuminate and make you beautiful, and people everywhere will look lovingly upon you. The sculptor Time chisels character upon the face; every trait is recorded there.

I would ask you not to believe that "sowing your wild oats" will make you a better man. First of all, no man or boy in all the history of the world ever had any "wild oats" to sow. The phrase "sowing his wild oats" was framed by "the devil" and is carried into action by his victims. Remember always the harvest is a ruined life, a shipwreck on the rocks of despair.

ON THE STREET

Boys, never smoke cigarettes, cigars, and pipes and imagine people think you are clever, because if you do think so you are mistaken; they just think to the contrary—that is, thinking people do, and thinkers are the only people worth while.

Never sit down on steps or curbstones; if you do, you advertise yourself as a loafer,

and if you are not one, it's the starting point.

Never walk with your hands in your pockets, nor with your hat on the back of your head. It's an indication that you are a slouch or a hoodlum.

Never stand with feet in the breadths, and with your hands in your pockets; it indicates ill-breeding and vulgarity.

Never stand on the corner over five minutes, and then only when absolutely necessary. Keep moving.

Never be ugly nor look ugly. No need of it.—In such a mood you darken the street and destroy the sunlight of your soul.

Remember, "Conscious strength assumes weak attitudes. Conscious weakness assumes strong attitudes."

Cultivate self-confidence; don't forget that there is a vast difference between self-confidence and self-conceit. One represents a man, the other an ass.

Be neat in your dress and always be clean. If you have whiskers, shave them off. Hair is not an evidence of civilization or refinement. Take particular care of your teeth, the pearly gates to cleanliness and good health.

Do not go anywhere that your mother couldn't go with you.

Use good language, pronounce your words correctly, and speak loud enough for people to hear you.

Salute your acquaintances and your friends

with the warmest respect, with smile, bless you, smile; it will soon come easy.

Never bow to any one because he or she possesses wealth; that is sycophancy. The man who bows very low is unreliable. Be strong; it is the mind and the heart that make the man. Some men boastingly claim or say "the world owes me a living." Boys, you had better adopt a nobler view and say, I owe the world a life, and whatever the world owes me I may collect only by living true to life—an energetic, honest man.

Banish from your mind and heart all petty strife and turmoil, and in their stead develop and cultivate the holy spirit of love, peace, and harmony.

INDICATIONS OF MANHOOD IN A BOY

He is respectful, polite, and courteous to everybody.

He never retains his seat in a car, when an old man or an old woman is hanging to a strap.

He knows his mother is the queen of earth, and he is ever ready to aid, comfort, cheer, and protect her.

He never allows anybody to speak disrespectfully of any member of his family without a gentlemanly resentment.

When absent, he never allows anything to

deter him from writing to his home and loved ones.

He never picks a quarrel, but when assailed, he surely is the victor.

He is ambitious and prompt in school. He realizes that boyhood is the period of life to lay the foundation for manhood.

He is fond of athletics, and he plays fair in every game.

He is generally a winner, but at the same time he is a good loser, and never squeals.

He is a boy, but nevertheless he is a gentleman, anywhere and everywhere.

MOTHER AND FATHER

"Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee as fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.

"Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
And the locks which are left him are gray.
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—
Thy father is passing away."

The best and richest qualification for a sterling manhood and the best letter of recommendation a young man can have or give to the world, free from ostentation, is

the positive assurance, the absolute proof, by precept and by practice, of his love, his devotion, his helpfulness to his mother, and to his loved ones at home. The saddest result, or a most distressing picture, of his selfish, misspent life is to grow into and live in a state of careless neglect of one's parents in their declining years. Such a boy cannot succeed, nor will he be happy, for he is badly handicapped in the race of life in and through his own undoing, in lacking a proper, courageous, manly spirit. (As we sow so shall we reap.) His sin of negligence will surely find him out, and fill life's cup with pain and sad regrets in his after years.

Many a dear old mother and father are sitting in the twilight of life waiting alone, going into the deeper shadows, their hearts in pain, their heads bowed down in sorrow, a secret kept from the world, and this through thoughtless neglect by their children.

These parents have devoted their whole lives and energies, their hopes and their ambitions—yea, life and its purposes all have been centered in those dear ones who now on life's journey heedlessly neglect and pass them by.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it is, but ought not to be.

If you lack a spirit of love and devotion for your mother, if you do not care to help

her, if you do not write to her, if you are of a careless nature, you had better begin to-day—at once—to cultivate a higher and nobler spirit, put your better self into action, and develop God's sunlight of fraternal love within your soul.

We are as we make ourselves, and there is no need of any boy or of any man being a "scrub." A man is the only thing to be.

"PORE OLE DAD!"

It is a peculiar fact that the poets of the ages have always sung sweet songs of praise to Woman. We continually hear about "Those Dreamy Eyes," "Come into the Garden, Maud," "Oh, Say, Have You Seen Little Bessie?" "Sweet Marie," or "Darling Sue." But seldom do we see or hear a song or a poem of praise to the old man.

I heard one song many years ago. Its author had for the stage setting a tavern several miles outside of a large city; the night was dark and drear. Two characters were in the play—a sweet little girl and a drunken old man. The little girl was dressed in white, singing:

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,—
The clock in the steeple strikes one."

It was a cold night, and the little girl was dressed in white. One other song I heard

about the old man was sung by Lew Dockstader, the minstrel, and everybody joined in the chorus—"Everybody works but father"; and to-day—

"Ye kin sca'ce pick up a paper
An' its 'poets' corner' greet,
'Cept ye'll see er pirty poem
'Bout the mother, saintly sweet;
But ye'll have a time a-searchin'—
Eyes will be er-achin' bad
Ere ye'll overtake er poem
At this time for pore ole dad!

"No, it isn't willful in 'em—
Them that writ of mother dear—
That thar's never notice taken
Of her ole man settin' near.
No, it's never meant to slight him,
But hit looks a little sad—
All the bouquets made for mother,
Not a bloom for pore ole dad!

"True, our mother watched above us
Till her dear old eyes wud ache,
But ole dad he humped to feed us
Till his back would nearly break.
Mother crooned above the cradle,
Gave devotion, all she had;
Still, that wasn't any circus
At this time for pore ole dad!

"Do not take one line from mother
When ye write the soul-sweet song,

But if thar's a word for father
Now and then it won't be wrong.
Pore ole soul! He's bent and wrinkled,
An' I know 'twould made him glad
If, while you are praisin' mother,
Somethin's sed for pore ole dad!"

A WORD OF MINE

If any little word of mine
Can make one heart the lighter,
If any little song of mine
Can make one life the brighter
God help me speak that little word,
And take that bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
And set the echoes ringing.

FRATERNAL INFLUENCE

TO YOU

Stranger! if you, passing, meet me, and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?

—Walt Whitman.

There are laws affecting the masses of the people which the best of governments cannot reach. These laws are all embraced

in the beautiful and elevating principle of fraternal influence.

I believe there is no better way to show our love of a Father than by helping His children.

Come with me into the open fields of life; let us be soldiers in God's army of human progress. Let us work unselfishly for the uplifting and bettering of humankind, teaching the underlying truths of the great Fatherhood and a universal brotherhood. Let us make our lives worth the living by proving to the world that we are always and everywhere our brothers' helpers. Don't say any more—

"WHEN I HAVE TIME

"When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair
When I have time.

"When I have time, the friends I love so well
Shall know no more those weary, toiling days.
I'll lead their feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer their hearts with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

"When you have time, the friends you hold
so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet
intent;—
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill their lives with sweet content
When you had time.

"Now is the time! Ah, friends, no longer
wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around, whose lives are now so
dear;
They may not need you in the far-off year—
Now is the time."

As frost is detrimental to flowers, so are thoughtlessness and selfishness detrimental to the higher and sweeter things of life.

Let us extend the little courtesies of every-day life. They are potent in their influence upon our lives, and for the welfare and happiness of the present and future generations. They smooth the rough places and shed genial warmth all along life's pathway.

As the little raindrops assist in bringing forth the fields of golden grain and the flowers of spring, so can each one of us do our part toward bringing our fellows into the sunshine of peace and harmony.

These little courtesies should not be limited to any one particular party, place, or time. A true fraternalist is cheerfully fraternal in the home, in the lodge-room, on the street,

and everywhere, at all times, and under all conditions. He always gives—

"THE FRIENDLY HAND

"When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feelin' kind o' blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy and won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a fellow just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort of way.

"Makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear-drops start,
And you sort of feel a flutter in the region of the heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes, you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort of way.

"Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses, but a good world after all.
And a good God must have made it, leastways that's what I say
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort of way."

Upon the doctrine of influence the whole vast pyramid of humanity is builded.

Each and every one of us from the least to the greatest sends forth an influence either for good or for evil. The great clock of time is not set or kept in motion alone by the possession of gifts and talents. It is the use we make of them that determines whether the pendulum shall swing onward and upward, or backward and downward. Underlying every life that is worth the living is the power of love and an ability to serve, and we can thrive only by developing the highest possibilities of the mind.

The records of our lives will be read in after years and the fruits will be known and gathered from the seeds we are now planting. The influence wielded lives on forever. Out of evil, evil flourishes. Out of purity, purity buds. A good life lives on forever.

Looking with the physical eye on the lives of men, some appear radiant with color, while others seem rayless and colorless. Be not hasty in your judgment, for he who appears colorless may be one of earth's unnamed heroes living a life of devotion, of truth; and as the little flower sheds its perfume, so he casts his influence for perpetual good. It is so with each of us; we either cheer or discourage, bless or curse, set in motion either sunshine or clouds. Which shall it be? If we want light, love, and purity, we must live it, and it will radiate its beauty everywhere we journey in our daily walks of life.

Do not be discouraged because you have fewer talents than those you see about you.

I stood some time ago in the presence of Niagara Falls and beheld with awe the grandeur of the majestic scene, and as I meditated, surrounded as I was by all this bewildering beauty, I thought of how the tiny rivulets, the babbling brooks, and the great flowing rivers intermingled their forces and formed the one mighty river which thundered over the precipice like the roaring of heaven's musketry, and as I paused in wonderment I realized that this stupendous force was not only one of unapproachable splendor but, under man's control, it becomes a mighty force and an influence for the welfare and comfort of humankind, giving light to cities and power to thousands of industries. The tiny rivulet did its part as well as the great flowing river. So can we do our part toward the happiness and betterment of humankind, though our efforts be as small as that of the rivulet.

Be like the sun—give light and sympathy to all men, remembering the sun's glory is not diminished nor its brightness darkened by shedding warmth, beauty, and life to all the world.

Climb the mountains of truth eternal, of honor, intelligence, and integrity. Get out of the swamps, quit living in the fogs and mists of ignorance, slander, and hypocrisy.

Carry on with high-hearted courage and steadfast truth the mission you have set out to perform under the banner of fraternal love.

Instill into the mind of every brother you

meet that every man is his brother, and that each has the same natural right to every blessing, to every one of God's gifts, as much so as himself.

Do not discourage the enthusiast, don't be jealous of him, don't "rip him up the back" nor wound his feelings. The fires of fraternal love and progress are kept alive and burning through the generous efforts of noble enthusiasts.

Never in human history has there been such a demand for pure, honest, unselfish men as now, who are ready to lay aside ambition, comfort, and fortune for the welfare and happiness of mankind.

Reader—Let you and me now clasp hands and pledge ourselves to do what we can to disperse the clouds of ignorance and selfishness, and in their stead develop the sunlight of universal peace and eternal good will among the children of men.

Let us go ahead with the clearing through the forest of life, destroy the weeds of ignorance, uproot and burn the cactus of deceit and hypocrisy, kill the thousands of insects that sting with unkind words, cut down the big, ugly trees of selfishness that obscure the light; for God's pure sunlight of fraternal love must be let in before we can have a pure civilization. Let it shine into your hearts, O my brothers! It will give you happiness by day and contentment by night.

A real Fraternalist stands among his fellowmen with a feeling that he can shake hands

and say Brother to the vilest man on earth. He believes in and understands the brotherhood of man.

THE SIN OF THE WORLD

The controlling sin of the world is unkindness and selfishness. The greatest virtue and sweetest blessing is kindness and unselfishness.

Life is a great drama where each man plays a part, from the leading man to the staff-bearer; one is as necessary as the other; one should be as ambitious to do well as the other.

The great Shakespeare lived in poverty and was barely known during his lifetime. It is said of him that he would walk miles to procure a pamphlet of three pages; he couldn't take the street car because there was none; he couldn't hire a Jack because he had no money, but, notwithstanding his many struggles, his life and influence gave to us an Edwin Booth, a Forrest, a Macready, a Barrett, an Irving, a Mansfield, a Sothern, a Warde, and many other interpreters of his works, and we to-day are being educated, refined, and uplifted by Shakespeare. He was simply one of the enthusiastic strugglers on life's uneven road; yet his influence lives and will live on and on forever.

The pulpit, the stage, and the rostrum

should work hand in hand together for the intellectual and moral uplift of humanity.

The stage a few years ago was looked upon as something to be avoided; actors were looked upon as walking representatives of vice and wickedness, but it is changing now. When Edwin Booth died, New York, the leading city of America, was draped in mourning. The American flag was placed at half-mast on all public buildings in recognition and in honor of the life's work and influence of this splendid man; and many others could be mentioned in a similar way.

TO BE COURTEOUS

To be courteous will insure you fair play, and you will be less likely to be elbowed and crowded on the journey of life. It is not absolutely necessary that you be familiar with the rules of etiquette. I do not mean the spurious imitation which is often practiced in so-called society. There is a courtesy which is like French polish—all on the outside. Kisses on the lips; daggers in the heart; eyes filled with tears, but a soul of brass. There is a courtesy which flatters, fawns, and cringes like a dog about the feet of the master or of the wealthy, while it is haughty to its equals and insolent and browbeating to its inferiors.

You have seen the courtesy practiced by the starched, foppish, would-be gentleman. As he moves down the street you see him

admiring his figure as reflected from the shop windows in passing. If he meets "Miss Wealthy" he is bland, smooth—the very essence of politeness; but let him meet an aged person or a crippled soldier, bending beneath a heavy burden, instead of lending a helping hand, like the contemptible Pharisee he passes by on the other side. That kind of courtesy passes for the genuine with none but his own kind. We have sometimes seen the deepest, truest refinement in the man whose hands were hard and seamed with toil. We have met the greatest real vulgarity in the man whose manners were a perfect outward polish.

Courtesy is not the exclusive possession of any one class; it's a dweller in the cot of the lowly as well as in marble halls. The poor man who rises to give you his chair while he sits on a box is a polite man. A gentle heart prompts the act; motive determines everything.

If we are courteous merely to substantiate our claim to move in good society, it is but the outward semblance, a shamming, a seeming, a thing to smile at, contemptible if not pitiable; but that politeness which springs spontaneously from the heart, the desire to put others at their ease, to save the stranger from a feeling of awkwardness, this goodness of heart is the keynote of true courtesy. In other words, to be kind is to be courteous, a disposition to please and a willingness to be pleased. Therefore, if politeness be the art of

graceful pleasing, you can acquire it without much effort.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.

—Chesterfield.

John Wesley's reply to a man, when their carriages met on the highway, is pertinent in this connection. The man knew Mr. Wesley as a public character, but objected to his doctrines and sought to give vent to his prejudice by an act of rudeness. He held to the middle of the road. Mr. Wesley cheerfully drove into the ditch. In passing each other, the ruffian said, "I never turn out for a fool." Mr. Wesley, replying, said, "I always do."

I like the reproof which a Chinaman gave an American. The American pushed him off into the mud. The Chinaman on rising said to the American, "You Christian, me heathen —Good-by."

A stranger entered a church in one of our cities and was allowed to stand quite a while, although there was not a lack of unfilled pews. Finally approaching one of the brethren, the stranger said, "What church is this?" The answer was, "Christ's Church." "Is he in?" said the stranger. The churchman took in the situation and gave the gentleman a seat.

We want more courtesy in our places of business, in the marts of trade, as well as in our homes. The beauty of it is, courtesy enriches rather than impoverishes the heart. A

rough, brusque manner repels like a cold wind, but a winning gentleness steals upon the heart like a sunbeam and makes the winter blasts blow as soft as the breath of roses.

THE RECORD OF A LIFE

Let us teach by word and by example honesty and truthfulness, with personal purity in our lives. Let us help one another to think clearly and to act kindly, remembering always that every obstacle encountered and surmounted on the way will make our lives all the brighter to shine, both in the mental and in the physical.

The good accomplished by such living can never be recorded with feeble words in man-made books of earthly life.

Conscience, the record keeper of the life, will give full credit on the golden pages of the records of eternity.

THE GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.
Born 1574; Died 1637.

"MAMMA, THERE'S YOUR WOOD!"

Sometime ago my wife and I were spending a few weeks at a country farmhouse where the fires were all fed with wood in place of coal.

In the evening our hostess, finding her wood-box needed replenishing, went to the kitchen door and called to her three sons, aged, respectively, ten, eight, and three, who were playing in the backyard. She said "Boys, mamma's wood-box is empty, bring her some right away." The oldest boy entered the kitchen with a huge armful, saying, as he dropped it in the wood-box, "Mamma, there's your wood." "Thank you, my son," said the mother. Soon he was followed by the second son, over to the wood-box, with as ready a smile as his big brother, but with a smaller armful, which he also dropped into the box, saying as he did so, "Mamma, there's your wood." In tender tones the mother said, "Thank you, my dear," and brushed the splinters from his coat and sent him, happy, back to his play. Just then we heard a little squall. The mother ran to the back door. Little Bob, the baby, had fallen at the bottom of the three steps leading up to the kitchen door in his effort to emulate his elder brothers in helping mother. There he lay squealing

"to beat the band," still tightly clasping his burden. The mother picked up the boy, wood and all, and carried him into the house and over to the box, when his little arm relaxed and two tiny sticks of wood fell into the box. He looked into his mother's face through tears and said, "Mamma, there's your wood; there's your wood, mamma." The mother kissed him, exclaiming tenderly, "Bless your little heart!" and, wiping the tears from his eyes, sent him back to his play, his young heart happy and well content. Which of the three boys did the most?

The least of God's children, even though they stumble and fall in trying to perform a task of love, shall be accounted as strong as the greatest.

"The good one tries to do
  Shall stand as if 'twere done;
God finishes the work
  By noble hands begun."

DEAD LIKE A DOG

At the close of one of my meetings in a small Western town, a man of bitterly atheistic type addressed me: "Mr. Meakin, your address was all right, and I enjoyed it, and your poems were fine, but that part of your address, the over-yonder business, after we are dead, doesn't appeal to me at all. It is all 'tommyrot.' I don't believe it.

"I believe when I am dead, I am like a dog; I'm dead, and that's the end of it." I replied, "Is that so? Well," said I, "I don't care what you believe, old man, about the over yonder, or what you are when you're dead. The question is, Are you a dog while living? and so long as you are not a dog while living, I am satisfied. All that interests me is, What are you doing, and what are your beliefs and works about the Here and for the Now? The man who argues on something he knows little or nothing about, to say the least, not only shows his stupidity but is very silly. As for me, when my summons comes to go over yonder, I should like to be worthy of that epitaph by Bobby Burns, on the tombstone of a friend:

"'An honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with His image blest;

The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age and guide of youth.
Few hearts like his with virtue warmed;
Few heads with knowledge so informed.
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.' "

THERE IS NO DEATH

The desire of the human heart to be remembered after death is universal. Is Jesus dead? Is Pythagoras dead? Is Socrates dead? Is Shakespeare dead? Is Columbus dead? Are Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Paine, Garrison, and Lincoln dead? Are any of the helpers and uplifters of mankind dead? No! No! The mortal casket has returned to the bosom of mother earth, but they still live in the hearts of men.

"Lo! as hid seeds shoot after rainless years, so good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates and loves and all dead deeds come forth again, bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour."

—"Light of Asia," Arnold.

"I DIDN'T THINK"

Many men have no thought, no ambition, no purpose in life. They give no heed to the morrow. It is an established fact that every man who has the interest and welfare of

humanity at heart has to be persistent in his effort to do humanity good. He has to continually persuade men to be honest to themselves. Ask a man to-day to do something worth while for himself and family by stopping his evil or foolish doings, and he will smile and say, "Wait until to-morrow." He will put off the things he should do, day after day, week after week, month after month, until he has sold himself to the devil by forming habits he cannot overcome. He forges chains that bind him, and that prevent him from putting into practice the very things necessary for his life and well-being. When questioned at the close of day as to his reasons, he replies, "I didn't think." This answer, "I didn't think," is given by the majority of men.

A few days ago I met a man on the street. He saluted me with a smile and a nod. We shook hands, and I said, "Where did I meet you? Was it in the Knights of Pythias?" "No." "Maybe in the Elks?" "No," said he, "I don't think you remember me, but I will always remember you. I met and heard you one night in Colorado Springs about four years ago. I waited for you after the meeting, and we walked together five or six blocks, and, say—you gave me particular ———." "Is that so?" I replied; "I didn't talk to you personally, did I?" "No, but everything you said hit me, and hit me mighty hard. Previous to this I had spent

my time and money in drinking, fooling, and gambling; in other words, living the life of a fool. I tell you, Mr. Meakin, you are a godfather to my higher or thinking self. Now I am married, have a pretty little home, a good wife and two babies, and a few good books on the shelf; yet I earn no more than I did before." "Evidently you did very little thinking previous to four years ago," I said. "Worse than that, sir. Before the evening I met you I didn't know there was anything to think about."

USELESS TOIL

An Evil Influence

A well-to-do friend of mine was approached by a man who was in a destitute condition. My friend had no employment to give the man, but is a firm believer in independence, and wished to help the distressed one. On the hillside half a block from his home was a huge pile of stones. He conceived the idea of having the man carry the stones to the other side of the street. Removing these stones consumed an entire day, and on completion of his task the laborer went for his pay, which was $2.00, asking, "Have you anything else for me to do?" Whereupon he was informed that on the following day he could carry the stones back to their original resting-place. The man said, "For what

purpose?" And upon being told, "To earn your $2.00," he refused to labor at this purposeless task.

I heard this man laughed at for a fool, but I think he was a wise man, and surely he was not long in finding some avenue of labor where well-directed energy would be properly recompensed. Had he gone on carrying stones from day to day he would be but one step removed from a useless, idle mendicant. He would soon be a living representation of Markham's "The Man with the Hoe."

SAIL ON AND ON

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.

—Sir J. Stevens.

I have aimed to illustrate the value of small or seemingly insignificant influences. Think now of the greater ones; but still the greater ones were small when first set in motion.

Think of the life of Columbus; how he suffered, how he was reviled; yet he gave to the generations of to-day, and those to follow, life's grandest lesson—Sail on!

No man suffered more indignities nor surmounted more gigantic obstacles than did Christopher Columbus. He accomplished as much as, if not more than, any other man, for the physical and mental development of the world. He illumined for the whole world the Atlantic Ocean, and discovered a land of majestic wonders.

We to-day are reaping the harvest of his sowing. Though he was ignored, neglected, and left to die alone in poverty and distress, his lessons to the world will permeate all the coming ages.

The character of this man, this splendid ideal, is beautifully portrayed in the grand

poem, "Columbus; or, Sail On," by Joaquin Miller. It illustrates the hardships and vicissitudes, the trials and tribulations during the voyage of Columbus to America just previous to the discovery of this continent.

COLUMBUS

By Joaquin Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
  "Why, say Sail on! sail on! and on!"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
  He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Sixteenth President of the United States

He was born and reared in squalor, as though the Infinite had intended, when giving him the foremost instincts of his age, to so discipline him that no germ of vanity, or egotism, or pride would ever be permitted to sprout in his soul. His early life was environed by a poverty that was disgraceful, by want that was pitiable, by a degradation that would have crushed a less resolute soul.

As if to prepare him for the burden of carrying a nation's woes, all his nature was hardened in the pitiable struggle for a livelihood, all but his heart; that was divine, and no earthly abrasion could wear away in the least its celestial texture.

His first cap was a coonskin cap; his first shoes stogies; his first trousers were all too short for his ungainly limbs; but he cared not at all for such things. The burden of a race in chains was upon his soul; at the same time a measureless love of country was in his heart, and how the wrong could be abated without shattering the Republic was the problem that had been worked at in vain for solution for thirty years.

Lincoln stood alone, rugged, majestic. His

was a nature childlike in simplicity, brave, direct, loving, and lovable, the embodiment of all that was great and good in manhood—his life, the price of a deathless love of country and fellow man. His life—his death, an inspiration and a benediction.

When at last the whole mighty responsibility of preserving his country was given to him, he took up the burden with premonitions that one of the sacrifices was to be his own life, but he faltered not. His native integrity and sense of right would not permit him to shirk one duty, but with a resolute resolve, half concealed by a mirth that never forsook him, "he trod that winepress alone." He was the sublimest man and his influence the most powerful of any of America's sons. He is now a gentle memory.

. . . . And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on.
For ever more he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the state,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

—Edwin Markham.

From poem "Lincoln, the Man of the People."

YOUR MISSION

We appreciate the fact that we cannot all be as Columbus, Shakespeare, or Lincoln, but we do know that we can all be more than we are. We may make our own greatness within ourselves. We should all strive to play our part, whether small or great, in the wonderful drama of life.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet;
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitude goes by.
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

—Ellen M. H. Gates.

BLINDY'S CORNER

In walking leisurely along one of the busy streets, among the busy throngs in New York City, I noticed on the corner, without any particular or definite thought, a little boy standing as motionless as a statue, his face and eyes uplifted as though gazing into space. At this moment a ragged little urchin, a newsboy, ran in front of me, calling his papers, "Here's your Times, Herald, Tribune, Post, and Star." I called to the little fellow and said, "Give me the Tribune." The boy looked at me, then glanced at the boy on the corner and answered in newsboy's style, "Nop!" I repeated, "Give me the Tribune," and again the boy answered, "Nop!" and with the word on his lips he ran to the corner and took a paper from off the arm of the boy and brought it to me. I gave him his pennies, and he ran away and handed the money to the "statue" boy standing on the corner.

I became deeply interested and seemingly, to some extent, an annoyance to the "kid." I said, "My boy, why wouldn't you sell me a paper from your pile; you had plenty of those I asked for." The boy in slangy style said, "Well, Mister, I don't mind telling you, sir; but say, do you see that little kid over

there standin' on the corner?" I answered, "Yes, I see the little fellow." Said he, "Well, that little kid, he's blind and can't get about, and us kids all about here have made up our minds that none of us'll sell any papers on this corner, 'cause this is Blindy's corner—this is Blindy's corner. Good-by, sir." And he had mingled with the crowd, singing his familiar song, "Here's your Times, Herald, Tribune, Post, and Star."

I never heard a sweeter song in all my life than that of the newsboy. It was the song of fraternal love.

THE NODDING FLOWER

Thomas Gray, in his beautiful "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," said:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This is not absolutely true, and, if so, we will apply a different meaning to the beautiful words.

The little flower that nods and bends on the hillside, though not seen by human eyes, beautifies the world and casts its fragrance just the same. The winds of heaven waft the perfume downward to the valleys below. The aged mother, the sick girl and the robust man inhale the perfume of that little flower. It gives them health, hope, and courage. So it is with each of us; as the little flower casts its fragrance, so do we cast our influence. We either cheer or discourage, bless or curse; we either cast sunshine or clouds. The question is, "Which shall it be?" If we want light and love and purity, we must live it.

"Oh, scatter the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may bloom by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the cottage wall.
Yes, scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul."

A good life is built up by slow degrees, and is hourly changing for better or for worse according to influences or the images which flit across it. In other words, we can never be to-day what we were yesterday, and we can never be to-morrow what we are to-day. I am a part of all that I have met.

MACHINE CIVILIZATION

So-called civilization in its present stage of pennies, poverty, pomp, and show, wealth and worry, small souls and small pay, creeds and greeds, fool sense and no confidence, public clamor and hurrah, is simply a heartless machine, causing otherwise a happy human life to be cold and cheerless, unattractive, and hopeless. To-day the clanking wheels of selfish "system" and "red tape" in a never-ceasing grind are a continuous menace, a destroyer of human life, of love and happiness.

The toiler must register on entering the shop, and if one minute late it costs the poor girl one cent; if ten minutes late, ten pennies, her wages being ten cents an hour. The master comes at any time, the slave must be on duty all the time, because he or she is a part of the machine. The workshop, store, or factory is a cheerless, sunless hole where the toiler toils because he has to, the purpose being to get something to eat. If the superior people, the masters and their henchmen, would only give a sunny smile and a cheery good-morning to the common people on their coming to work, the burdens and worries of the day would be very much lightened; but no! this would detract from the

machine dignity. The master's face on entering the mill is devoid of a smile; in its stead, it seems to tell a sad story of his attempt to swallow a liver pill and by accident he was compelled to chew it. He wraps himself in the robes of egotism—"I am greater than thou"—and by so doing extinguishes the humane light of his soul. Let us be humane to human beings, rather than scientific to machines.

The man who claims no sentiment in business and means it is an animal; watch him or he'll bite you. Why wouldn't he?

By doing our duty and only our duty (machine duty) our doings are incomplete. Every act embracing the elements of duty must be cheerfully done, and to make the act complete love must be the basis of every duty. There can be no fraternal love between a master and a slave. There should not be either master or slave in this country or any other country.

If a workman slips a cog in his daily grind, through ill health, or by a simple blunder or mistake, his supply for sustenance is cut off, vanishes at once; under pay and thoughtlessness have rendered him or her helpless, and he is crushed and thrown out into the poverty junk pile, unnoticed and uncared for. And yet some people wonder at the increase of crime, and urge that more detectives be hired to hunt out and punish the victims of our boasted civilization.

The clanking wheels of never-ending

routine system and false economy in this awful grab game of machine life have robbed mankind of confidence in man, and taken from the face of youth its morning glow. They have filled the hearts of men with hypocrisy, suspicion, and bitterness.

Fear, devilish fear (of losing a "job"), gaunt-eyed and cunning, stalks throughout the land, making of men chatterers, sycophants, and fawners.

This so-called civilization controlled by selfishness is robbing humanity of heart, of sunshine, and of sentiment; these heartless systems have forced an age upon us of masters and slaves, and poor human beings are of little, if any, value in the commercial markets.

Thousands of earth's best people have been driven into insane asylums and to suicide graves.

At this writing the decorative, strutting officers of the great military department of our government are demolishing even the wording of the sentiment carried in an exchange of letters, by abolishing the fraternal custom of placing "Dear sir," "Friend," "Yours truly," "Respectfully," etc., as superfluous, useless, and, of course, for the purpose of saving a penny in the printing bill of a ream of paper.

If it were not for the splendid souls, the fraternal sentimental workers of the world, and blending with these the undying hope of a higher and broader destiny for man, human

life would be adjudged by the thinking few as a monstrous blunder, a farce, a fraud, a tragedy.

Fraternal love is an outcast wandering far away from the hearts of men. We must bring her back and give to her her proper standing in the temple of the mind, or humankind will retrograde and go back to jungle life and living. Surely this is what Tennyson had in mind when he said:

"Man as yet is being made, and ere the Age of Ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?"

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

The one main reason why two persons should marry is that they love each other. The question as to whether they do love each other can only or actually be told or known by their own two selves. The divorce courts furnish proof that many of those who marry are fooled, and fool themselves, with what is termed "love."

Of course, while we recognize the fact that "love is absolutely blind," we must expect troubles, for an important sense is lost, and we are bound to have many failures under such conditions in our marriage system. To be blind also takes away, to a very great extent, the judging sense.

"But there they are, tied up for life, and the best that they can do
Is to hide their shame and wretchedness and try to worry through."

The present plan of living and of getting a living produces false standards. Many people marry, or sell themselves in marriage, for the support of the body, our present so-called civilization having carried humanity away from the purer, natural, or simpler way of living, and in the mating of the human

family. Yet, after all, love is the only basis for a proper selection of two human hearts for the building of another home. Therefore the eugenic crank, or the would-be "stock raiser," has no designated place or position in the nursery of mankind.

People will never be mated nor brought together by the same plan as cattle are managed; and if ever the state or the nation should so decide, who shall be the dictator, who shall be the owner of the ranch, the boss selector of breeds and grades! We are dealing with human beings—men and women—not cattle.

If, as it is claimed, "love is blind," would it not be a much better plan or a better idea to endeavor to open the eyes of love by a process of education, by teaching and developing in man and woman self-control, by better thinking, so that nature's forces may be used and enjoyed, not abused and destroyed, and that love and reason may rule in place of passion and animal impulse?

The controlling force and the most important phase or question of civilized life is the mating of the male and female, man and woman; and if the dream of civilization is to be realized, or if it be of any worth at all, then our hopes and aspirations depend entirely upon the creation of homes; for unless we have harmonious blendings in our marriage relationships the home can never be a home in the real and higher sense of the term.

Young men and young women must be taught, and they must become fully cognizant of the fact, that marriage is the most important step they may take in life—embracing as it does the whole of life—to be supported by love, honor, reason, and fidelity. They must learn that unless the force which is termed by poets the divine passion, or the creative energy, which is the moving force of all life, be under control of the higher and nobler self in man and woman it will become as a beastly thing, destructive of the majesty and beauty of divine manhood and womanhood.

Children born of impure parents are a menace to civilization; they are a burden and a horror to themselves. There seems to be no aid and no pity for these poor wretches, who come into the world "scarce half made up," cursed before they are born. Next in the scale of wrong living and wrong doing is bringing into the world children—when not wanted—children who are unwelcome guests from the very inception of life. They come into the world unsought and unloved, not wanted; they are pushed out into life's ocean and set adrift, and they drift without a beacon light or a sail; they are innately conscious of their native weakness, and feel personally their intrusion, their unwelcomeness. Handicapped on all sides, these poor things move about on the earth with heads bowed, weaklings by nature, trembling in body and wandering in mind; when they

come in contact with or when in the presence of men, instead of standing erect as men do, or should do, face to face, they creep and crawl and fawn, simply walking apologies for being alive.

It is a very delicate question as to the wisdom of even advocating national or state control or improvement on these lines.

Statesmen, or men in control of public affairs, are not always wise men, nor are they at all times the wisest men in the land; still something should be done through a council of thinking men toward preventing the vicious, the vile, the beastly, the incompetent from producing their kind.

Vicious criminals, by their vile actions, surrender their rights of liberty, and with it they should be divested of every liberty that would contribute to the moral degeneracy and to the destruction of the race.

The ordinary human can be educated and developed, and in this development lies the hope of the ages for the betterment of mankind. We must supplant ignorance by knowledge.

To have good children we must create pure ideals and live in goodness and in truth within ourselves, both before marriage and after marriage. Clean, thoughtful morality is the keynote to a higher and better civilization. Such can never be accomplished, and this can never be a decent world to live in, until such a plane or such a condition of life is reached by the human family.

We may never hope for a race of thinking, pure, honest men until the world is peopled by clean, moral, thinking parents.

To a very great extent we may say in truth—as we make them, so they are.

Out of evil, evil grows, and it scatters its evil poison in the lives and hearts of men.

"Begot in hate and lustfulness and nurtured
well with grief,
What blame to such a progeny were it to
act the thief?"

Out of purity, purity buds, and its flower thrives, blesses, and cheers humanity all along life's pathway.

"There is ne'er a joy beneath the sun
That will compare with this—
The blending of two hearts in one,
The cream of earthly bliss."

Such a union knows no waning—rolling years but give it strength.

Marriage is a failure only where it is not understood, and when not lived as it should be lived.

TO A YOUNG MAN

Not many men, I suppose, are married against their will, but there are very many men who marry against their better judgment.

Young man, if you possess any thought or reasoning power at all, and you intend to use it for your own good and welfare, so that you may be in harmony with life's purposes, its joys, its pleasures, and its successes, you will surely marry while you are a young man. Every worthy commencement should be begun at the proper starting point, and in matrimony especially so, and it should be brought about by thoughtful care and with the calmest judgment, to the end that every phase of life, love, and living may intertwine until a unison of thought and action blending beautifully in a harmonious whole may contribute happily toward a successful, joyous, peaceful journey down the path of the years. Therefore, to this end, you must use the best of care in the selection of a wife, a partner, a traveling companion, for a long journey, which embraces life itself. During the transition period from youth to manhood, or in early manhood, you should look about you and find a good ordinary girl—not one

of style, fripperies, and follies, but one of those girls who give every indication of possessing the qualities necessary for the making of a splendid woman—a wife—a mother—the queen of a home. If you marry a butterfly, a woman of feathers and vanity, you will have no success, no harmony, no peace in daily life in what is termed home. Do not deceive yourself by glamour, passion, or what is termed love at first sight, but rest assured that without thought and judgment chaotic failure will be the result. On the other hand, no man can be a success without the inspiration of a good and earnest woman.

The first qualification to be sought in the selection of a woman for a wife is common sense and goodness; the next, and fully as important a factor as the first, is she must know how to, and enjoy keeping house, and be ever willing and ready to improve and to beautify the house and its surroundings, and make it a home in all that the term implies. Such a woman will naturally possess and develop many other talents, but all these are necessarily and must be secondary. If a woman is not domestic in her tastes and created so by nature, if she can neither cook nor serve, nor cares to learn, then wherever she may live there is no home about it—such a house is but an empty shell, a stopping place. There is no word in our language so badly misapplied as is the word "home."

The home is the cornerstone of civilization; there is nothing outside of it. The

living with a woman in four square walls does not constitute a home; such a place never was and never will be worth living for or fighting for. Peace, patriotism, and prosperity crowned with love will not and cannot exist anywhere, either in a cabin, a house, or a nation only by and through the refining and inspiring influences of a genuine home, and Home is only where a woman, "a Mother," lives and reigns in tenderness and love.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN

Each individual life from the time of a mother's lullaby to the funeral requiem may be to a very great extent made happy, joyous, and successful, or, to the contrary, very unhappy and very distressingly unsuccessful, all according to our individual care and management.

Young woman, you ought to learn in early life that the sorrows, the pain, and the destruction in and of the best things of life are brought about by thoughtless, silly blunders made while in youth, and this is especially so in the setting sail on the sea of matrimony—marriage. It is the stumbling places on life's way that I would warn you against in these pages. First of all, you had better cast out of your mind the very alluring, misleading, and mistaken idea of "love at first sight." There never was, there never can be such a condition as "love at first sight." There may be an admiration aroused at first sight, and this may at times develop into love, as we journey down the years; but love, real love, between the intelligent male and female is not of spontaneous birth, but it is necessarily, from its social beginning, of slow and steady growth.

The oak, which is very slow in maturing,

lasts in life hundreds of years. Love is more lasting than the oak, for real love is everlasting. Love in its earlier stages is as delicate as a flower and requires devout care and loving, honest attention, until down the passing years, naturally, every experience but gives it strength and symmetrical beauty.

In the placing or the beginning of your association for the creation of love, do not for a moment waste your precious thoughts and heartbeats on a "scrub" of a man; if you do, your life will be one of coldness, sorrow, pain, and anguish. It will mean death to your real life, for without love there is no life worth the living.

Do not sell your soul by marrying a man for the purpose of reforming him—you must not exchange highest values in a game of chance, for wrecked values. If you do, you have gone into the devil's workshop, and will necessarily become one of his workmen.

The marriage robes must consist of purity and love; they must not be defiled or polluted in the filthy pools of lust and low life. Real love and right marriages are not for sale or exchange, either in society or in financial markets.

Do not marry a man because he be either rich or poor; these conditions should cut no figure in the reckoning.

Solve the question: Is he an honest, clean, intelligent man, ambitious to work, to make a name and a reputation for himself; a man

of honest character whom you earnestly believe will make a good husband, kind, generous, and as true as the compass? Is he broad-minded, sole proprietor of himself, a free man, a thinker? Is he generous and big-hearted, yet economical? Is he prompt in word and deed, true to his promises? Is he kind, thoughtful, and helpful to his parents and family? There is but little to fear if you discover such a man as herein described.

Avoid—

If he be a spendthrift and "blows" in his money without sense or judgment; ruin and disgrace generally come to him who knows not the value of a dollar. He tampers with honor and is on dangerous ground.

Avoid—

If he be stingy and mean and lives and exists on a penny basis; for surely your life would be an unhappy wreck with this the meanest man of creation.

Avoid—

If he be filled and dwarfed with ignorance and superstition.

Young woman!

When you marry, marry a real man; if you cannot find one, then at least marry one who gives every indication of some day reaching the heights of an intellectual reasoning manhood.

TO BOTH—THINKERS

Do not marry with those who are grounded in a system of forms and ceremonies, who are in a mental rut and simply through custom are saving a statuette soul by a stationary religion. Such marriages as these in nearly every instance result disastrously. To be successful and happy in a marital relationship neither man nor woman will wed with those whose views and sentiments are too far apart from their own, and it is well to understand this rule will apply to different races as well as to different religions.

How to love and to live in harmony and truth in married life might almost be termed a scientific proposition.

Neither party must be selfish; both must be reasonable.

Both must be clean and pure with the same standard of morality.

Neither must be intemperate in anything; both must be thoughtful and use their best judgment.

Neither should have a bad temper; tempers must be turned into a moving force.

Neither must be stupid; both must be students and advance in life together.

The higher pleasure of one should be cultivated and made the pleasure of both.

Express in loving words each morning admiration for each other; speak the word under any and all conditions, and life together will ever be one grand sweet song.

So long as a husband and wife are active members in an admiration society consisting of just these two, the charter will never be surrendered.

HOME, SWEET HOME

THE FAMILY IS THE CRADLE OF MANKIND

The real home is the fountain of love and purity, and God's ministering angel here upon earth is woman—the foundation of the home.

When a man woos and wins a woman and leads her to the altar, if he be a true man, he will realize the sacred duty he has taken upon himself. From that very moment that woman is dependent upon him. In the blossom of her youth she gives to him her years of energy and strength. She assumes for him the responsibility of motherhood. He now must be the oak, she the vine; both equal, yet she with one more right—that is, the right to be protected.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

(Born New York City, June 9, 1792; died April 1, 1852.)

Another of those seemingly unimportant lives, yet how pure and great and beneficial was its influence.

Sixty years ago, at Tunis, in far-off northern Africa, the soul of John Howard Payne took its flight to its eternal home, but upon this earthly shore it left a monument more enduring than marble or bronze, higher than the loftiest pinnacle, broader and more expansive than earth itself, and deeper than the depths of the sea.

So long as love warms the hearts of humankind, so long as virtue is revered and God is God, his immortal anthem

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

will be love's cradle song.

John Howard Payne's breath of song will be to the present and generations yet unborn like the perfume of the tiny flower. It will give hope to the weary, courage to the weak, and cheer to the sorrowing.

"Time wrecks the proudest piles we raise;
The towers, the domes, the temples fall;
The fortress crumbles and decays,
One breath of song outlasts them all."

The value of a life is determined by two things—the happiness we get out of it, the influences we leave on others.

HOME

After all, the main source or influence of all good, whether rich or humble, is in the home. The home is the fountain of love and

purity. It is the cradle of hope, where dreams of immortality first quicken the soul to the infinite glories of human destiny. It is this hope which opens to us glimpses of the gates of gold.

Let not this beautiful word "home" be misunderstood nor misapplied.

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded.
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.
Home—go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing in the heaven above us,
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.

"Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it.
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us."

The word "home" is often applied to the stately mansion enveloped in glittering shams and silly pride, where fraternal love is an outcast. The name home is often given to the towering castles whose marble walls are no less cold than the cheerless hearts of those who dwell therein.

We hear it applied to the house of feasting,

whose doors are but the curtains which hide the winepress and the banquet table, where the inmates grow fat on the toil of others and revel in the blood-wine of half-paid suffering millions.

No! no! a thousand times no! These are not homes. Let me live in a cottage, however humble, whose walls are covered with tender vine, whose roof shelters the brave and generous. Let me live where love controls the heart and brain; where every heartbeat is in sympathy with the downcast and unfortunate; where all enrolled dwell in harmony in the kingdom of the unselfish, where reason gives the light and fear gives way to freedom, and this is home.

CHARACTER

Character is molded at the mother's knee, and in the light of her loving eye is born the influence that makes its impress upon the whole household and carries each dear one through all dangers and difficulties onward and upward to the sun-kissed hills of prosperity and happiness.

The proper care of the child insures a vacant cell in the penitentiary in the future. Under the influence of the so-called home which is merely a stopping place, we find the dissipator, the pander to low life, the card-fiend, the gambler, the drinker, the

higher intellectual pursuits are cast aside and "the wages of sin is death."

Woman, the all-refining influence, has elevated man from a barbarous root-eater up to the present type of manhood. No man can be successful without the inspiration of woman. His success begins when once in love with a woman. The applause of the multitude is nothing to him unless she applauds.

Napoleon was a great soldier. He conquered nations and built up an earthly kingdom; but when he pushed Josephine from his heart and home, he faded away like a snowman before a noonday sun.

Christ stands as the ideal of mankind, yet back of Jesus we see the Madonna.

Woman, pure as snow, man's faithful friend, mother, wife, daughter, sister, sweetheart. Woman! God bless her.

"Not she with trait'rous kiss
Her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, earliest at his grave."

In bloody war man wounds and kills, woman follows to heal and soothe. Abraham Lincoln emancipated the slaves, but Harriet Beecher Stowe helped to make them free by writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Woman—the wife, the mother, the light

and the fountain of all goodness. As Josiah G. Holland said:

"More human, more divine than we,
In truth, half human, half divine,
Is woman, when good stars agree
To temper with their beams benign
The hour of her nativity.

"The fairest flower that green earth bears,
Bright with the dew and light of heaven,
Is, of the double life she wears,
The type, in grace and glory given,
By soil and sun in equal shares.

"O woman! mother, woman, wife!
The sweetest names that language knows.
Thy breast with holy motives rife
With holiest affection glows.
Thou queen, thou angel of my life."

THE NECK

Apropos of woman's influence, I am reminded of a humorous happening at a certain church testimony meeting I visited in a small country town. An old man in the congregation arose and said: "Brothers and Sisters, I wish to bear my testimony to the truth of the gospel, and I am going to say a word about the home and its management, and I want to say right here that every home should have a head. The man should be the

head and 'boss the job' all the time. I am the head of my family, and if you men will be the heads of your families like I have been the head of mine, the Lord will bless you as he has blessed me.—Amen." Then his wife arose, and also bore her testimony of the truth of the gospel and concluded with: "John is right in what he says about the man being the head of the family. John is a very good man and he is the head of our family, and we have gotten well off in this country, but, brothers and sisters, I want you to distinctly understand that, although John is the head of the family, I am the neck, and I turn that head just whichever way I want it to go."

Woman, it is your duty, assigned by Almighty God, to turn man's head and face to the light of right living. Man, woman, and home must be in perfect harmony. If woman's mission is all-important, then man's mission is equally so. The perfect home is the main factor of human development, and from this small circle the greatest good may come. Out of a single household may flow influences that stimulate the whole civilized world.

Woman's influence has made the world as good and as fair as it is to-day. Woman represents all the finer elements in nature, devotion, charity, self-sacrifice, truth, and love.

"They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit!
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given;
There's not a blessing, or a woe;
There's not a whisper, 'yes' or 'no';
There's not a life, a death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

"There's not a pleasure gives us cheer,
There's not a joy attends us here,
There's not a song we learn to sing,
There's not a friend to whom we cling,
There's not a gift that's worth the giving,
There's not a life that's worth the living;
In fact there's nothing here on earth
That one can count of any worth,
Without a woman in it."

IDEALS

The example set by the parents is the child's first schooling, and on that example the child's development depends. The father and the mother are the ideals of the child until it comes in contact with the outer world. These ideals should always be worthy of emulation. The child, the youth, the man are made according to the influence of the home.

The father is the ideal of the boy. The father follows the sports, the gaming table, the drink; the boy follows the father. Fathers, do you realize the great responsibility that rests upon you in your every action for that boy of yours? Did you ever hear the pretty story of the trapper in the woods? He kissed his loved ones good-by early one morning and left his cabin home to go in search of game. During the night previous the snow had gently fallen, covering the ground with a fleecy mantle. He arrived at his destination and was in the act of setting his traps when upon the frosty, crisp, morning air came the sweet tones of a baby voice, calling, "Papa, papa!" "My child, my child, where are you?" cried the father, and the baby answered, "I's a-tum-

min', I's a-tummin', in papa's tracks, in papa's tracks."

Brother Man, let your tracks lead onward and upward to the sunlit fields of intellectual purity. We must guard against evil influences; we must place upon our children an armor of integrity, not an armor of ice which melts away beneath the sun of temptation. We must ourselves aim to be what we ought to be. We will then make of ourselves and our family perpetual fountains of pure influence.

"'I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES'"

"It was early in the month of June,
The sun was in the west,
When a merry, blithesome company
Met at a public feast.

Around the room rich garlands spread,
And banners floated gay;
Friends greeted friends right joyously
Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare,
The guests sat down to dine;
Some called for bitter, some for stout,
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyous company
A modest youth appeared;
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No 'spicuous snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near.
'What will you have, sir?' he inquired,
'Stout, bitter, mild, or clear?'

'We have rich supplies of foreign port,
We have first-class wine and cakes.'
The youth with guileless look replied,
'I'll take what father takes.'

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict deep and strong
Awoke terrific fears.

'Have I not seen the strongest fall,
The fairest led astray,
And shall I on my only son
Bestow a curse this day?

'No! Heaven forbid!
Here, waiter, bring pure water unto me;
My son shall have what father takes;
My drink shall water be.'"

CHARACTER IS NECESSARY

Too many homes, too many societies, too many individuals pay too much attention to reputation and neglect character, the basis of human life, and so we have to a very great extent a false civilization. We build upon the sand, and the structure topples and falls with the slightest excitement or temptation. In continually building conduct and reputation, we dethrone character; we exchange higher values for lower values. The youth begins at once to cultivate bad habits. He takes on forms of dissipation, the cigarette, the drink, the drug, the sports—yet he conforms to all the niceties and elegances of social etiquette; but he has no anchor, no character. He trusts to conduct and is led astray.

Young man,

"'Tis fearful building upon any sin;
One mischief entered brings another in;
The second draws a third;
The third pulls more,
Till they for all the rest
Set ope the door.
Then custom takes away the judging sense,
And to offend
We think it no offense."

The progress and the value of a town, city, or nation, depend upon the character of its people. When we have succeeded in building noble characters, there will be no need of brutal enforcement of laws.

We must establish a character which is the foundation of manhood, and here and now cast an influence which will bless the generations yet unborn. Character is higher than intellect, love, or wealth, because it directs the use of all three. Knowledge with character is everything; knowledge without character is nothing. The purity of love is determined by character. It is the character behind wealth that determines whether it shall be a blessing or a curse to society. Character is the controlling force of human life. True manly character may be likened unto a beautiful marble statue, but ever breathing the breath of life, standing placid and firm amid the crash of worlds and the clamor of men, proof against the blows of temptation.

PERSEVERANCE

NO TIME TO WASTE

In a sleeper, traveling from Denver to Chicago, I passed a compliment or two with a gentleman who shared my compartment. He later invited me to go to the smoker and have a cigar. I said, "Thank you, sir, but I don't know how to smoke." "Don't smoke! Well, come and have a game of cards while I smoke." "I'm sorry, sir," I apologized, "but I don't know how to play cards." "Well," said he, "I should think you would learn to play cards, if for nothing else than to pass away the time." (That's what I wanted him to say.) I answered him by saying, "Great God, man, I never had any time to pass away."

I continued by saying, "My dear sir, did you ever stop and meditate for one moment upon the vastness, the magnitude, and the incomprehensible possibilities of the human brain or the mind?

"Scientists tell us there are over two billion cells in the human brain, and, although these cells are innumerable, we are told that each and every one is susceptible of development. The mind, sir, is vaster than the

earth. I must either go onward and upward, or backward and downward. I have no time to waste.

"Threescore years ago, I was ushered into the world. I trotted from my mother's knee at the age of ten, and since that time I have done my level best to polish the metal, to cultivate the talents, to develop at least a few of the cells of my brain. I am anxious to graduate from this mundane sphere to a life and mission supernal. This is why I have never had any time to pass away."

Now, friends, after sixty years of earnest endeavor, under most trying circumstances, I believe I have succeeded in developing possibly one hundred of the two billion cells. Taking it for granted, then, that I have warmed and awakened into use one hundred of the cells, mathematicians will readily see that I have remaining one billion, nine hundred ninety-nine million, nine hundred ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred cells to be developed, and according to the proverbial threescore and ten, I have but about ten more years for this development. I ask thinking people, in all candor, have I any time to pass away in gratifying any low tastes or desires, such as card-playing, chewing tobacco, smoking poisonous weeds, gormandizing and guzzling intoxicants?

I am confident that you will answer this in the negative,—No! No! No!

My purpose is not only to ask you to be sensible and good, but to try to point the way.

"Hast thou aught to teach?
Then teach it, preach it,
Loud and long.
Sing it, if it be a song.

"Be thou prophet, be thou poet?
If thou know it, go it.
Go it strong."

The most important quality for a successful life is perseverance—begin, continue, complete your work. The unstable never excel. The plodders leave the inconstant—the fickle—far behind.

Let us do the best with the endowments that are ours. God save us from the sin of underrating ourselves. Appropriate to thyself that which is thine own, not thy brother's, and God's blessing will crown the effort.

We have all made the start in the race of life. Some of us may have obtained the prizes. In the limelight of retrospection, while you drop a tear at the bier of neglected opportunities, remember that bitter regrets are unavailing; all the wishing in the world will not resurrect them. Why should you spoil to-day because you spoiled yesterday? We can neither evade nor avoid remorse.

"Not failures, but low aims are crimes."

Because the ghosts slip out of shadows, need we entertain them as friends? To throw in the fountain of life dead things of the past is like throwing into our well a dead animal to pollute its waters. Better

take a nobler view of repentance, remembering that what a man does is generally worse than that which he is.

What we do is of less importance than what we are. Plant flowers where you have destroyed them.

If one page of life has been blotted, write upon the next page a story so true and sweet that the blot will be forgotten in the glory of the brighter.

Pindar, in one of his odes, describes the return of a competitor from the great national games. He speaks of him as hiding himself along the by-ways, not venturing to enter by the gates into the city or to be seen in any public place. Why? Because he had failed. He went out in the name of the city, equipped by fellow-citizens, to win honor for their name. But he has failed and he dare not meet them. You have failed. What is your next move? To hide your head in cowardly remorse? No! but to start afresh, like Wordsworth's happy warrior, who comprehends his trust and to that trust keeps faithful.

You may enter the arena of life with flattering prospects, but unless you fix your eyes on the goal and bend every energy toward it, you will suffer an inglorious defeat.

"Press on; surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march;

Be thou a hero! and with thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night
Hew down a passage unto day!"

In the race of life to halt is to petrify. Daily we see human petrifactions that incline us to regard the world as a sort of museum, well stocked with statues and wax figures. It is easy to fill a niche, hard to bear the sweat and toil of running. For every hero there are swarms of idlers. Yet what worse fate can befall a man than to be stationary? The tree is dead that adds not every year a new ring to its girth, and we are dead if we add not perpetually to our being. The one supreme command is to advance.

A hand with ever-beckoning finger is the vision that fires each noble soul. To pause and look back is to repeat the old story—the vision vanishes, and nothing remains but a pillar of salt. Form your purpose and then Death or Victory.

And now, in closing, let me hoist the signal of warning. Don't forget what I said in the beginning. The only life that can be called successful is that which leaves us in the end truer and nobler men and women. Only those lives that have been true to themselves and true to humanity feel the inexpressible joy of being in harmony with the Universe. The perfect life is not the tinseled life. Our ambition should be higher than

to wear a jeweled crown or win the plaudits of the mob.

These are the petty vanities, uncertain and fleeting, which leave only disappointments and regrets. Our aim and ambition should be to become strong, manly, buoyant, masterful human beings; emotional, loving; our nerves, our senses, our hearts in tune with the infinite. This our ideal. This our dream. Lives that love, that sacrifice, that make prayers in deeds are the lives that radiate from the fount of God. They become one with the Universal soul; theirs is the richest life, the most successful life, they enrich themselves and all mankind. They are continually reaching out after high ideals, and there is no limit in this boundless universe for the souls that want to soar. Then let us get out of the damp and musty cellars of superstition. Let us break the prison bars of ignorance and bigotry, and on wings of truth and hope let us mount through ether, sunward!

"Then rise, man, rise and run, and
Never give up—'tis the secret of glory,
Nothing so wise can philosophy preach;
Think of the names that are famous in story.
Never give up! to the lessons they teach,
Never give up, though overladen with sorrow.
Shake not the yoke, it will only more bitterly gall,

Remember there cometh a morrow,
Fraught with delight to compensate all.
Bear your fate with serenity,
Crouch not ignobly, like a slave in the dust.
Life's but a race to realms of eternity;
Great are its dangers, but run it we must."

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